

# AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

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## THE COLONEL'S LAST CAMPAIGN

By BRAND WHITLOCK

ALL day long Col. Tabbott sat in his leather chair in the lobby of the Grand, twiddling his cane, smoking his cigar, and talking politics. Under the broad brim of his black slouch hat his hair fell in silver wisps almost to his shoulders, and the long mustache, drooping like a Georgian's at the corners of his mouth, was as white as his hair save at the spot where his cigar had singed it yellow.

There was not a politician of either party between Dunleith and Cairo who was not proud to bend over the old fellow's chair, take his thin hand and say: "Hello, colonel, what's new in politics?" The colonel had one invariable reply: "I'm out of politics, and don't know anything. What do you hear?" Sometimes, if the passing politician happened to be of the old day, the colonel would take him by the arm, and they would saunter away to the bar. If the politician came from Northern Illinois, the colonel would take rye; if from Southern Illinois, the colonel would take bourbon; such was his idea of etiquette. Though never would he take a drink before breakfast, for a drink before breakfast, he told Carroll, was a back log in the fire that would burn the live-long day.

Carroll was the staff of the colonel's old age. The two would sit by the hour, while the old man talked of the Nineteenth Illinois Cavalry, of Lincoln and Douglass, of David Davis and Elijah Haines, of state and national conventions, in the days when he had made and unmade congressmen, governors and senators, ruling his party in the state, Carroll shrewdly thought, with a discipline as rigid as that with which he had welded the Nineteenth Illinois into a fighting regiment.

To those who knew the veteran's history, his love for the boy was touching. The story is too long to tell now, but its essential motif must always be the ingratitude of Si Warren. The colonel had picked Warren up in the old Fifteenth District, sent him to Congress, and finally made a United States senator of him. Warren, developing quickly as a politician, had turned around, defeated the colonel for re-election as chairman of the State Executive Committee, a position he had held for sixteen years, had frozen him out of the Arizona deal, and somehow caused the colonel's only son to go wrong out there in Tucson. The boy's mother had died; of a broken heart, they said. Since then a decade had passed, a decade which the colonel had spent in the grim lonesomeness of a crowded hotel. He never mentioned Warren's name. If he heard it, he clenched his bony fists so tightly that the knuckles showed white. Once a year, perhaps, in the spring-time, when the State Central Committee met, he got out his white waistcoat and was invited up to the ordinary to make a speech on the state of the party, and once a year, in the summertime, he attended a reunion of his regiment, now decimated to a squadron of tottering old men, whom the colonel called "boys."

Spring came, rolling up from the muddy Ohio, showering its apple blossoms in the orchards of Egypt, sprinkling with purple flowers the prairies of Central Illinois, and finally flooding with tardy sunshine the cold waters of Lake Michigan. It was the year the Legislature that chose Warren's successor in the Senate was to be elected, and when the senator came home from Washing-

ton he found his fences in sad repair. The Silas Warren of the parlor suite in a Lake Front hotel was not the Si Warren whom Col. Talbott had rescued from the dusty little law office down in Shelbyville fifteen years before. The clothes of that time were faded by the sun in which he loafed all day on the post-office corner, whereas the clothes of this spring morning bespoke a New York tailor and a valet.

The senator was not in a pleasant mood. There was opposition to his re-election, and while his machine ignored it, and while George R. Baldwin, the lawyer who watched the interests of certain big corporations during the sessions of the Legislature, said it was but a sporadic demonstration of sore heads, back numbers and labor skates, it was spreading, as the picturesque politicians from the corn lands of Central Illinois would say, like a prairie fire. Jacksonville,



Si Warren.

where the standard of revolt had first been raised, was in Morgan, the colonel's home county, and so it came to pass that the defection was laid to the machinations of the colonel himself. And yet, as the politicians who were always dropping into Chicago to correct their reckonings paused an instant by the leather chair, the old white head would slowly wag from side to side, and the old man would say:

"No, I'm out of politics."

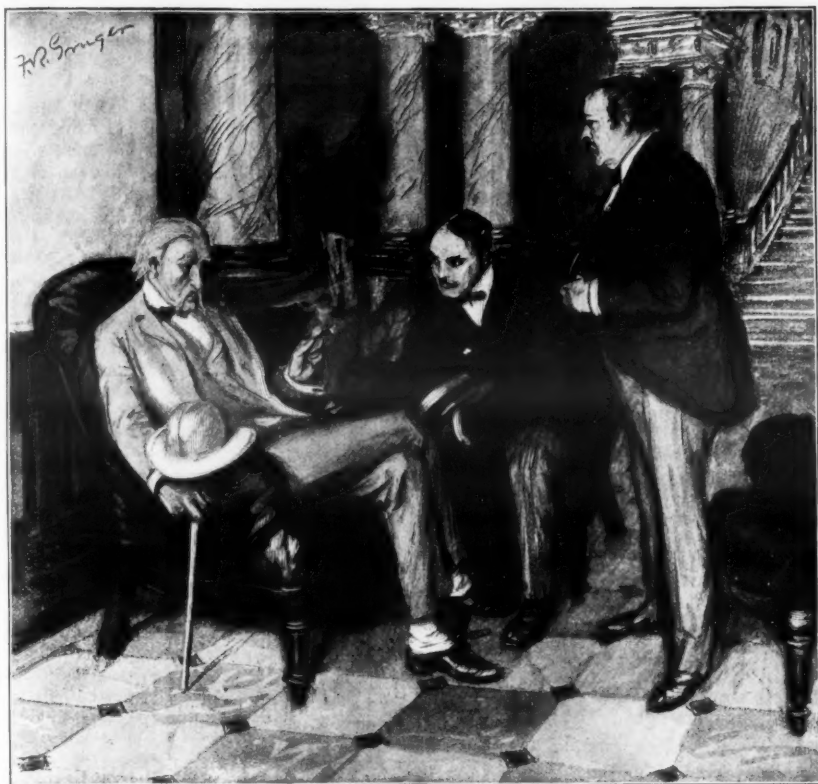
If Carroll had not conceived the idea of running for office, perhaps the colonel would have remained out of politics, but the boy, after a week of dreaming, dramatized himself as making a speech in the state Senate Chamber at Springfield. The colonel, as a man's duty is, advised him to keep out of politics, and yet within an hour after Carroll shyly confessed his ambition, the fever awoke in the old fellow's bones, his eyes flamed with the old fire, and he admitted that the experience might help a boy who was struggling in a pitiless city for a law practice.

Within a week the colonel had introduced Carroll to Superintendent of Street and Alley Cleaning Patrick F. Gibbons, who promised to be with him, and had taken him to the City Hall for an audience with the mayor. After that the newspapers said that John D. Carroll had been slated for the senatorial nomination in the First District.

When Warren learned of the colonel's new interest in the campaign, he cunningly decided to utilize it by throwing his strength to Carroll in the First, provided the colonel would withdraw his opposition. He prided himself on being a man who harbored no resentments. So he sent Dan Ford, his private secretary, to open negotiations for peace.

The colonel had recognized the coming of the heat by donning his suit of linen, with a red tie at his throat to give the touch of color he always loved, and he had got out his broad-leaved Panama hat for its fifteenth season. Ford found him seated in the leather chair, swinging one thin leg over the other, his white hose wrinkling over his low shoes, telling Carroll how Grant came to Springfield from Galena seeking a commission in the army. Ford diplomatically broached the subject of a conference between the colonel and the senator. The colonel heard him to the end, but said nothing. His mustache simply lifted a little with the curl of his lip. Ford was evidently disappointed.





"... and if he resents it, I'll kill him."

"Have you any reply?" he asked, "or any message?"

"Yes," said the colonel, and his gray eyes flashed under their shaggy brows. "Present my compliments to Senator Warren, and tell him that if he ever presumes to speak to me again in all his life, I'll slap his face, and if he resents it, I'll kill him."

Ford tried to bow, and the colonel, turning to Carroll, said:

"As I was saying, Gen. Palmer happened to go into the adjutant-general's office and saw Grant smoking a corn cob pipe and working away on muster rolls at a broken table propped up in one corner of the room. The old forage cap he had worn in the Mexican war was lying on the table. It was the only hat he had in those days."

The next morning an interview with Warren appeared in all the papers.

"I would prefer," the senator was report-

ed as saying, "to retire to private life and resume my interrupted law practice, if I were not compelled to seek vindication by the bushwhacking of this doting old ingrate, who, disappointed in his attempts to monopolize patronage that belongs to patriotic party workers, now skulks behind the sympathy his years and infirmities excite, to wage a guerilla warfare."

The colonel read the interview at breakfast. He sat at table with one paper propped up before him and four others beside his plate, his eyeglasses on his nose, and ate his oatmeal and his beefsteak and his boiled eggs just as he did on every morning of the year. Then he drank the half cup of coffee that he always reserved, with its cream slowly coagulating at the surface, for the end of his meal, because it was cooler then, laid his napkin down and shuffled slowly out.

Half an hour later a man stopped by his chair in the lobby and said something to the colonel that made him drop his paper, and look up over his eyeglasses with a scowl. The man was known as Birdy Quinn, and he had lost his job in the water office the week before, because Warren wished to make room for a fellow who could deliver more votes at the coming primaries than Birdy could.

"Are you sure?" the colonel asked.

"Sure!" said Quinn. "Isn't it all over the ward this morning?"

"You're sure that Pat Gibbons consented to run as Warren's candidate for state senator in the First District against Carroll—after promising me—me?" He bent his brows angrily and pointed with a long forefinger at his own breast.

"Well, hell's bells!" said Quinn. "Wasn't Baldwin working with him half the night?"

The colonel took his glasses from his nose and swinging them by their heavy cord, blinked with his old eyes at the square of sunlight blazing in the Clark Street entrance, across which, as on a vividly illuminated screen, the crowds on the sidewalk flitted like trembling figures in a kinetoscope. Presently he lifted himself heavily from his chair and gathered up his newspapers and his stick.

"Well, Birdy," he said, wearily, "I guess I've got one more fight left in me."

Most men thought it was Warren's interview that caused the colonel to consent at last to lead the opposition against him, though some said it was but the fascination of politics, which is like the fascination of the sea, so that a man who follows it once must follow it till he dies.

"I never thought I'd live to see the day when I'd be glad to find the old man's chair empty," said Eph Harkness, of Macoupon, that afternoon. He had come up from Carlinville in response to a telegram from the colonel, and having registered, and given his bag and linen duster to a bell-boy, was removing his big felt hat to mop his wet brow.

"I'm afraid he won't be able to stand the strain of a campaign," said Carroll.

"Stand the strain! Him?" exclaimed Harkness. "Why, he'll be alive and drawing pay when they're referring to Si Warren as ex-senator!"

"I hate to have them say such mean things about him," Carroll persisted, thinking of the interview.

"If they think they kin say any meaner things 'bout him than he kin 'bout them, jes' let 'em lam in," chuckled Mosely, of Alexander.

"Yes," mused Harkness, "it'll be the greatest fight we've had in Illinois since Logan's time. We've got a leader now."

There was an echo of the old days in his voice, which, with its gentle hint of regret, was lost on Carroll, who had not known the colonel in the old days.

They found the colonel in his room, sitting by an open window, his Panama hat on his head, his cigar in his teeth, and his walking stick twirling in his long fingers. The room did not present that orderly and cool appearance it had on the few occasions when Carroll had been in it before. The shades were high at the window, admitting flames of heat, wads of crumpled paper bestrewed the floor, a huge table had been brought in and it was already littered with newspapers and telegraph blanks. The bureau had been moved, the tall white door it had hidden so long had been unlocked, and Carroll heard the incessant clicking of a typewriter in the adjoining room. Two or three men sat idly about, gossiping, as men will, about political battles of the past. There seemed to be none of the industry of politics apparent, though political headquarters seldom do display that, perhaps because a good part of the industry of politics consists in talking and smoking and drinking, and partly, perhaps, because of the necessity of concealment that always exists. These men were gathered to organize the defeat of a crafty and unscrupulous man who had a national, state and city machine at his command, with money to heart's desire, and yet they sat and smoked, stirring only when a telegram came from down the state, or some long forgotten politician came in to offer himself as a recruit.

For a month the colonel did not go out of the hotel. He was up early and at work, his cigar in his mouth, dictating letters, sending telegrams, receiving callers. When he slept, no one knew. He never had his hat off. He ate his meals from a tray in his room, after the food had grown cold. His headquarters recalled pathetically the old days when his power and supremacy were unquestioned. They were crowded day and night with the labor skates, the back numbers and the sore-heads Baldwin had talked about, who came with their grievances, their impossible schemes, their paltry ambitions. Of such stuff the colonel had to make his machine, flattering, threatening, wheedling,

soothing jealousies, reconciling discordant factions, healing old animosities, inflaming new hatreds, keeping up spirit in faint hearts, leaving not a wire unpulled. He appointed a steering committee, on which were Mosely, of Alexander; Garwood, of Kankakee; Harkness, of Macoupin, and Malachi Nolan; he wrote personal letters to old friends in every school district in the state, and thus, slowly, patiently, laboriously welded his organization together. What he most needed was funds, and a candidate to provide funds; lacking them, he insisted that this was not a movement for the profit of any one man, but for the good of the party alone, and so invested it with the enthusiasm of what passes for patriotism in a nation where party is set above country. He told the landlord of the Grand that he would be responsible for the rent of the two rooms he had engaged next his own. He already owed the landlord.



Eph Harkness.

The night before the primaries a crowd, foul with the reek of tobacco, alcohol and perspiration, was shuffling about in the hall and ante-rooms of the colonel's headquarters. The crowd was noisy, profane and confident. But inside, the steering committee was assembled, and it was very sober. Garwood, at the littered table, had been scratching his head over political equations.

Conventions had been held in all the thirty-six outside districts, and sixty-nine candidates had been nominated, fifty-five representatives and fourteen senators. Of

these they could depend upon twenty-nine. It requires fifty-two to control a legislative caucus, when the party has a bare majority on joint ballot, so they would have to nominate at least twenty-three of their candidates in Cook County to get a caucus majority, assuming the ultimate election of them all. Fifty-seven candidates were to be selected in Cook County on the morrow. Of them, they should name at least thirty-five to be entirely safe. In other words, they

must carry Cook County.

"Is that countin' hold-over senators?" asked Mosely, when Garwood was done.

"Yes, counting the hold-overs—Warren claims fourteen out of the seventeen."

"Josh Badger never'll vote for him," said Mosely.

"He gives us Josh," Garwood replied. "Bates and Halliday are uncertain."

"Not so damned uncertain," said Mosely. "They're only waitin' to be seen."

"Warren'll get them easy enough," said Harkness.

"Yes, they're cheap," Mosely assented, spitting across the room, at an iron

cuspidor. "'Bout eight dollars apiece, I'd guess 'em off at," he added, with a poor man's contempt for low prices.

"Well, that only makes it worse," replied Garwood. "But leave them out entirely. With sixty-two votes Warren can control the caucus—"

"Providin' al'ays, however," suggested Mosely, in statutory language.

"Oh, course," assented Garwood, petulant from the heat and the situation, "they

won't all be elected. That's why he'll work like hell to carry Cook. He lies when he says he doesn't give a damn how she goes to-morrow."

"He always does that," said the colonel, from his bed.

Carroll, to whom political calculations saved always of the mystery of higher mathematics, said:

"Seems to me you could figure it better than that."

"Well, you try it," said Garwood, dropping his pencil and tilting back in his chair.

There was not much hope, and the soberness deepened. After a while there was a knock on the door, and a shaven head was thrust in.

"Them lit'ry guys is out here," said the shaven head. "Any figur's to give out?"

"Figur's?" cried Mosely. "We've got th' official vote!"

And Garwood, taking his papers from the table, went out and said to the reporters:

"Conventions have been held in all the senatorial districts down the state, and sixty-nine candidates are already nominated. Of these sixty-nine, we have beyond any question"—he consulted his paper, as if to make sure of the number—"we have fifty-three, and that doesn't include the nine hold-over senators who are with us. We can lose ten of them at the polls and still have enough to control the caucus. In Cook County, to-morrow, we'll carry the First, Fifth, Third, Sixth, Ninth, Eleventh, Seventeenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-first, Twenty-third and the country towns—the Seventh—giving us thirty-five more candidates, or ninety-seven in all. This is a conservative estimate, and gives the doubtful districts to Warren. We can lose Cook to-morrow and still have a fighting chance to win out. I regard the battle as ours. Senator Warren is defeated."

"Over at the Richelieu," said Cowley, of the *News-Despatch*, "Baldwin claims they have you whipped to a standstill."

"They're welcome over there to any comfort they can get out of the situation," said Garwood in a superior way.

It rained on the day of the primaries. All morning politicians, big and little, stamped into Senator Warren's hotel on Michigan Avenue, or stamped into the Grand, tracking with greasy mud the muslin that had been stretched over the carpet in Col. Talbott's headquarters. The polls were to open at one o'clock. The colonel had risen early, after three hours' sleep, and snatched his break-

fast from a tray, talking to Carroll between bites. All morning he was buttonholed by men who scuffled for a word, complaining that Warren's fellows would have money to burn, and he fought with them, bill by bill, for the few dollars he had in his pocket. He was only liberal to the extent that his slender campaign funds permitted liberality, with those who were to work in Carroll's district. As the day wore on and he received reports and dispatched orders, like a general fighting a battle, the colonel's spirits rose, and the politicians, when he ordered them sharply about, paused at the door to look back at him, pleased by the thought that this was the Col. Talbott of the good old days.

It was a wicked battle they fought out at the polls that day. The Warren men had control of the party organization, and named the judges and clerks. Inmates of lodging houses, and Lake Front hobos, their rags steaming in the warm rain, were hauled from poll to poll in big moving vans, and voted wherever Warren needed votes and as often as he pleased. The City Hall took a hand and furnished policemen in larger numbers than the primary election law intended, so that whenever an anti-Warren challenger challenged a vote he was hustled by officers, and if he resisted, bundled off to the Harrison Street Police Station and locked up on a charge of disturbance. Late in the afternoon reports coming from Halsted Street that the Fifth Ward was in danger, the colonel escaped from his headquarters and went into the trenches himself. Carroll never forgot the old man as he splashed from poll to poll that waning summer day, or stood in the drenching rain before a voting booth, waving back policemen, ordering men up to vote, threatening judges and clerks. He had never heard the old man swear before.

At seven o'clock the polls closed. Warren carried some of the districts, the opposition others. Both claimed the victory. It was left for the convention to decide.

The colonel, for some reason, preferred not to get up the next morning, but opened his mail, read his papers, ate his breakfast, and finally held his morning levee, the last of the campaign, in bed. The politicians who had been waiting outside for an hour, grumbled at such indolence, and, when they were finally admitted to their leader's presence, suspected him of imitating the undemocratic luxuriousness of Senator Warren, who re-



"He's making the most magnificent fight I ever saw in all my life—have you heard anything from the convention?"

ceived his callers in bed every morning. But by nine o'clock they had received their final instructions and scattered to the conventions, and when Mosely and Garwood sauntered in from the breakfast room, they found only a few stragglers, who lingered on in the hope of beer money, at least, for their imaginary services on this decisive day. Malachi Nolan, in black garments and priestly white cravat, came presently, his big diamond flashing, his face shining and red from his dull razor, and then Carroll, at the sound of whose young step and fresh laugh, the colonel succeeded in evoking a wan, tired smile.

"Just lazy, that's all," he declared, reassuringly, seeing Carroll halt in surprise. He reared himself on his elbow, and as he raised his head, its white hair all tangled, Carroll saw how haggard he was. He never had seen him look so old, so white, so worn, before.

"I was waiting for you," said the colonel, indicating Nolan with a finger that was like a claw. "I've fixed everything but the First District." He paused for breath. "The first ward's solid, isn't it? Well, all right. But watch Donahue. I'm sorry we ever let him

get on the delegation. And then, let's see"—he pressed his brow in a troubled effort to steady his senses—"oh, yes. See McGlynn and have him lay down on Hardy, and tell Reinhold that if he wants that job from the South Park Board he'd better get in line, and as to Wright—his brother's a conductor on the Cottage Grove line, and you can get at him through Harlow. Tell him I sent you. That ought to give you thirty-five votes on the first ballot, and——"

Carroll, who had turned to reply to some jest of Mosely's, heard a groan. Instantly he looked back at the colonel. The old politician, his face livid, was struggling as if he wished to get out of bed. He writhed a moment, then his head nodded, his chin dropped to his breast, and he collapsed in a heap, among the tumbled bedclothes. Carroll paled with a sudden sickness.

"He's fainted," said Garwood, fumbling at the throat of the colonel's shirt. Malachi Nolan brought a cup of water, Mosely hunted impatiently for a flask of whiskey, and when they had straightened him out upon his pillows, Carroll ran for the hotel physi-

cian. The colonel recovered consciousness before the physician came and glanced around with an expression of embarrassment.

"Damn such a heart, anyway," he said. Then young Dr. Lambert came with his new stethoscope. When the doctor had finished his auscultation, the colonel said:

"Malachi, vote your delegation solid every time—don't give complimentary votes—it's dangerous. And remember—I don't care what happens so long as Carroll's nominated, trade anything, everything for that, and send me word—"

But they hushed him.

At noon Dr. Foerder, the specialist, arrived.

"Ah, Lambert," he said, scowling about him as he put down his tremendous leather valise, big with the mysterious contrivances of modern surgery, pulled off his gloves, and with his quick, professional tread, stepped to the bedside. He exposed the colonel's big chest, and began a delicate percussion with his white fingers. When he had done tapping, he laid his ear over the colonel's heart, and listened silently a long time to the cardiac murmurs, he rolled under his fingers the superficial vessels of the temples, the forearms, the wrists, the knees, he counted the pulse; and he looked long at the old man's finger nails. When he had done, the colonel said:

"Well?"

Dr. Foerder had retreated from the bedside and was writing his directions precisely, logically, as an official draws up a report, beginning each paragraph with a Roman numeral. He did not answer the colonel.

Foerder briefly consulted with Lambert, that is, repeated the directions he had already written out, and began to buckle his big valise.

"And as to a nurse?" asked Dr. Lambert.

"I'll send one of my own," said Foerder, hastily lighting a Russian cigarette. He could not remain long in one place. He had patients to see and a lecture to deliver over at Rush Medical College and his man was waiting with his high hooded phaeton down in Jackson Street.

The nurse, diffusing a faint odor of antiseptics, came from Dr. Foerder's private hospital, laid aside her cap and veil and pausing an instant to give a woman's touch to her hair, quietly and deftly set the room in order.

All that afternoon the colonel lay in his darkened bed-room, fighting the battle of his

life. He lay so still that the nurse almost fancied him asleep, so regular was his breathing. Once he broke the silence by asking the time.

"Twenty minutes after three," the nurse responded, glancing at her little watch.

"Some of the conventions, then," the colonel said, "are over. I wonder why they don't send me word."

The nurse did not notice his speech, and he added:

"Pardon me, you doubtless are not interested in politics."

The talking brought on a spasm of dyspnoea, and the colonel struggled so painfully for his breath that the nurse had to prop him up with pillows in a sitting posture, as those who are afflicted with asthma pass their nights, finding it easier thus to breathe. The colonel begged the nurse's pardon, as if he had committed some indelicacy.

About this time news was brought from the Fifth District convention in Arlington Hall and from the Sixth in Jung's Hall, that the Warren men had carried both districts. The colonel, hearing the hoarse whispering between the messengers and Mosely in the room outside, demanded information, and Dr. Lambert had to tell him. The colonel wished to see Mosely, he had some new plan for the West Side to offset their loss; and he saw Mosely and the plan was put in execution. Then the colonel seemed once more to sleep. When he opened his eyes he asked if he could not have a cigar—"seegar," he pronounced it—assuring the nurse that he felt much better, but she said, as one might say to the whim of a child to whom explanations are not vouchsafed:

"Not just now."

And there was silence again, and the ticking of the nurse's little watch.

By four o'clock the colonel became restless once more, and asked if there were any news. When the nurse said no, he insisted that there must be some message, some letter, some telegram. He did not know that his followers, vindicating all history, were now standing afar off. He worried and grew incoherent. He seemed to confuse Carroll with the boy who was sleeping under the stars far away in Arizona.

Dr. Foerder returned at four o'clock. He had not been expected before evening, but he was interested in the case. He had mentioned it in his lecture that day. He had commented on the wonderful display of vi-



tality on the patient's part, and spoken of the value in such cases of moral treatment, of encouraging words and a confident manner. He read the nurse's chart, counted the colonel's pulse for fifteen seconds and calculated the rate by multiplication, drew down the old man's eyelids, noting the senile arc that was whitening the periphery of the cornea, and he examined the finger nails; then the percussion and the auscultation. When he raised his black head, the colonel said:

"Any news?"

"You're doing well."

"Aw!" said the colonel, impatiently, "I don't mean that—any news from the conventions?"

Foerder hesitated, as if half reluctant to

Then Foerder was silent, and the colonel lay a long time thinking.

"Did you learn how it's going in the Ninth, or the Second, or the Seventeenth?"

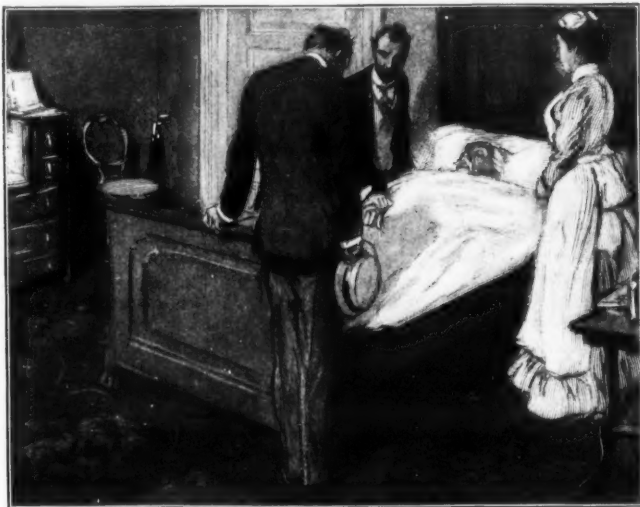
"They say it's about an even break everywhere."

"And how's the First?" The colonel put this question in a whisper, as if he feared the answer. The doctor did not know. Then the silence again, and the colonel's labored breathing, and the ticking of the nurse's little gold watch.

"What district do you live in, doctor?" the colonel asked, later.

"I?" replied the medical man, in some surprise.

"Yes."



"Dr. Foerder was pressing his fingers to the colonel's wrist."

display interest in anything so human, but said:

"Yes."

"What?" said the colonel, eagerly, his eyes brightening with a light that alarmed the doctor.

"They say you've carried some districts on the North Side."

"Which ones?" asked the colonel.

"Don't remember."

"Anything else?"

"Well, they say Warner has carried some North Side districts, too—and some West Side districts."

"Warner?"

"Well, whatever his name is."

"I—why, I don't know," he said.

The colonel faintly smiled. "Where do you live then?"

"In Drexel Boulevard."

"That's the Fifth," the colonel said.

"Warren carried that."

"Did he?" The doctor looked as if he were ashamed. "We mustn't talk any more just now."

Foerder remained until evening, pacing the ante-room, his hands behind him, his lips twitching in his involuntary smile. Now and then he took a turn in the long, dark, softly carpeted hall, to smoke a cigarette. At times, some politician would come with a scared face and inquire about the colonel,



and the doctor always demanded news of the battle, before he answered the questions. The reports brought by the politicians were not encouraging, and they hurried outside again. Their visits, as the afternoon waned, became fewer. Even Mosely and Garwood had been glad of the exciting excuse offered by the First District convention in Italia Hall down Clark Street to escape from the shadowed headquarters. At six o'clock no one had been there for an hour, save some sympathetic bell-boys and porters from down stairs, and Carroll, of course—he came every half hour from the convention, disheveled, bathed in perspiration, his eyes burning with excitement and suspense. Foerder would not allow him to see the colonel, who lay behind the white door, his eyes half closed, too weak any longer to whisper.

At seven o'clock the reporters came, and Dr. Foerder, as they put it, issued a bulletin.

"He's alive," the doctor said, "pulse 120 to 124, respiration 22 to 26, temperature 98. His remarkable nerve alone sustains him. He's making the most magnificent fight I ever saw in all my life—have you heard anything from the convention?"

"They're all over but the one in the First District," one of the reporters said, while they scribbled down the physician's figures. "It all depends now upon what that does. It's the worst fight ever known in Chicago. They say Warren has spent twenty-five thousand to-day."

"Does it look as if he could be elected there—in the First, you know?"

The reporters smiled and winked one at another.

The colonel lay like one asleep, until far along in the evening. Once or twice he opened his eyes and looked an inquiry into the doctor's eyes, but Foerder could only shake his head. And once or twice he muttered something about Baldwin, and was troubled that they could not understand. Then he sank into a state of coma, and the news for which all were waiting would not come.

Dr. Foerder was forever glancing at his watch and asking Lambert how he thought the First District convention would turn out. Lambert had no idea.

"I hope we'll win," Foerder would say. Finally he sent Lambert down for news. Lambert hurried back. They had taken forty-six ballots, he said, and the vote was tied. At ten o'clock Dr. Foerder examined the colonel again, examined his eyes, his finger nails, drummed on his chest, listened to his heart.

"You're magnificent!" he could not refrain from whispering, but his patient did not answer or look, or even smile this time. He was growing very weak. His breathing was faint, he inhaled the air through livid lips. He did not arouse from his stupor.

Dr. Foerder got very impatient. "We can't wait much longer," he said.

"It's all we can do now," said Lambert.

Foerder went outside. The ante-room was deserted. The politicians came no more. He would sit down, then instantly get up, walk back and forth; his eyebrows knitting in his scowl, his lips twitching in that mirthless smile. And he smoked cigarette after cigarette. He did this for an hour.

Along toward midnight he heard a step. Flying to the door, he saw Carroll, dragging down the hall with the step of defeat and exhaustion. The boy's hair was matted under his hat, his eyes were dull, sunken, black as night.

"Licked," he said, waving his hands with a gesture of despair, as if the world had come to an end. Foerder went inside, leaving Carroll to sink into the first chair. But a moment later the physician opened the white door, and beckoned with his head. The motion was conclusive, final. He held the door ajar, and Carroll entered. The useless drugs had been pushed aside. The room was filled with the strange silence, the odor of death. Lambert stood at the window, looking out into the darkness. The nurse stood by the bed, waiting to perform her last office for the dying man.

Carroll timidly approached and looked down at the long form, scarcely outlined by the sheet, at the rigid head, at the great, waxen brow, at the little blue spheres formed by the closed eyelids, at the mouth slightly open beneath the white mustache with its tinge of yellow. Dr. Foerder was pressing his fingers to the colonel's wrist. The breathing had lost all human quality, it was but a series of automatic gasps, which, it seemed, would never end. Finally, they grew shorter, at last they ceased, there was one faint inspiration, and Dr. Foerder, laying the thin old hand down upon the colonel's breast, said:

"It's all over."

There was silence for a whole minute. Then Dr. Lambert tossed up the window, and Carroll heard, in the street below, a crowd shuffling over the sidewalk, a crowd coming, as he knew, from the convention in Italia Hall. And suddenly from the crowd arose a raucous, drunken yell:

"Hurrah for Warren!"

# A GARDEN IN TUSCANY

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

The white magnolia opens with the day  
To look upon a wonder-world of bloom,  
As if the rainbow met its earthly doom  
Beside its namesake iris, and must lay  
Imprisoned bars of flame and blossom gay  
Half hid beneath the olive's mournful gloom.  
The ilex branches weave a shadow loom  
Across the marbles, where the fountain's spray  
Drips slow like cool and unsung melodies;  
And through the grass the little lizards glide,  
Dazed with the drowsy fragrance of the trees;  
And love and life lie sleeping side by side —  
For where still Eros lures the honey-bees,  
A dark young lad dreams through the hot noontide.

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# DAWN OF YOUTH

By ANNA B. PATTEN

When morning breaks beyond the distant hill  
And the great sun-god rises in his state--  
The dull horizon throbs with joy elate;  
The clouds blush at his coming; night's damp chill  
Melts in that fiery kiss, while the lark's trill  
Leaps to the listening air. Nature, sedate,  
With finger on her lips, seems but to wait  
To lift the cup of joy and drink her fill.  
Oh, Dawn of Youth! Once more I breathe the air  
Of life's fresh morning. Fling my window wide  
And list the lark's clear, matin hymn of praise.  
A flood of light is breaking everywhere;  
Soft sunshine gilds my path on every side,  
And shows a stretch of dazzling, love-lit days



Kwang Hsu, the Emperor of China.

## KWANG HSU AND THE DOWAGER EMPRESS

BY ISAAC TAYLOR HEADLAND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PEKING.

ON the night the last emperor of the present dynasty died, two sedan chairs were borne out of the west gate of the Forbidden City, through the Imperial City and into the west region of the Tartar City. The streets on both sides were lined with beggars in the uniform of soldiers. At all side streets door mats were hung as a barrier so that no carts or foot passengers might cross the line of march of the two sedan chairs. In one of these chairs sat the Empress Dowager; in the other, the Empress Mother, mother, that is, of the Emperor who had this night died of a foul disease. The Empress Dowager and the Em-

press Mother were on their way to the home of the Seventh Prince, brother of their husband and uncle of the corpse in the palace. From the home of the Seventh Prince they took a wailing infant back to the Forbidden City. When they announced the death of the Emperor in the morning, they proclaimed this baby, Emperor Kwang Hsu.

At this time there were two foreign stores in Peking, that had been established without permission from the Chinese government. As they were on Legation Street, they seem to have been too unimportant to attract official attention. Yet these same stores were

destined to have a mighty influence on the future of China. One of them was kept by an illiterate Dane, who sold foreign toys, notions and dry goods such as might please the Chinese or be of use to the scanty European population of the capital. By chance, some eunuchs from the Imperial palace bought toys in this shop for His Infant Majesty.

As the baby Emperor grew, the business of the Dane shopkeeper increased. His stock became larger and more varied. And the Emperor remained a profitable customer. Musical cats, dogs and sheep, horns, guns, trains of cars, striking clocks and Swiss watches, all were bought in turn by eunuchs from the palace. As the Emperor grew to boyhood the Danish shopkeeper supplied toys suitable to his years from his inexhaustible shelves. To understand how searching an influence these products of far-distant lands must have had on the growing mind of the Emperor, you must know that he was shut out from the world, shut out even from his own people by three strong walls. He never left the Forbidden City except in a closed chair or in a closed cart. Every side street was barred from him by hanging canvas or mats. He was a prisoner and slave in the palace of his birthright.

If custom forbade his going out to see the world, it did not prevent the world from reaching him in the shape of wares sold by

the Dane in Legation Street. These were no longer toys, although such they seemed to the Emperor. An electric railroad was built for him in the palace grounds, on which he rode as our children ride on merry-go-rounds. For him an electric plant was built in the Forbidden City, and the palace was lighted with incandescent lamps. He experimented with miniature telegraph and telephone instruments. Officials that sought Imperial favor scoured the port cities to find new toys for His Majesty. They came to Peking University and bought our phonograph. They got for him gramophones, music boxes, æolians and magnificent clocks that struck the hours with music or with the song of birds. All the resources of modern invention in the West were tapped to procure toys for the Emperor Kwang Hsu. Once the assiduous Danish shopkeeper had a sleigh made for him in Europe. The sleigh was a marvel of ingenuity with its foot-warmers, mirrors, clocks, cushions of yellow silk, and figure-heads in the shape of golden dragons.

As the boy grew older his tastes changed. There were clear indications of mental growth as the years advanced. He began to wish to know the literature of the countries that produced the fairy toys and wonderful devices of his boyhood pleasures. He had two teachers appointed to instruct him in English. One of these teachers was the grandfather of a young man to whom I had



A section of the Wall Around Peking.



The Hall of Classics at Peking.

taught English in return for lessons in Chinese. In this way I learned much of what was going on in the recesses of the palace. I was informed by those who had been into the Emperor's private apartments that they were more like a museum than like living rooms, so crowded were they with complicated mechanisms and toys.

On the sixtieth birthday of the Empress Dowager the Christian women of China presented to her a copy of the New Testament bound in silver, enclosed in a silver case, which was again enclosed in a plush case, the latter in turn laid in a box of hardwood. The next day an unusual order came to the office of the American Bible Society. The order required copies of the Old and the New Testament, such as were being sold to the people of China. The order excited the curiosity of the clerk, who at length discovered that books had been ordered by the Emperor himself.

At this time I was pastor of a church in the southern city of Peking. Near me lived a horticulturist and vegetable grower, who went to the palace every day with flowers and vegetables. He began to notice that the behavior of the eunuchs toward him was changing. Formerly they had shown a patronizing air; now they sought his instruction. They knew he was a Christian, because he would not drink their wine or smoke their opium. They asked him to tell them about Christianity. They said that the Emperor

daily studied the Gospel of Luke. That this was true there can be no doubt. In the first place, if the Emperor had not been studying it, the eunuchs would have known nothing of the Gospel of Luke. In the second place, the story was told to my friend by the private servant of His Majesty.

At that time I was depositary of the North China Tract Society and librarian of the Peking University. For some weeks a eunuch from the palace came every day to secure a new book. Nor would he be put off without one. Something must be given to him, were it only a leaflet on a religious topic. At last we were forced to take the Chinese medical books from my wife's private library to satisfy him.

The Emperor gradually made a study of all kinds of religious books, books on chemistry, physics, medicine, the science of government, international law, political economy, mental and moral science, astronomy, physiology, mathematics—all books, in fine, that had been prepared or translated into the Chinese language on subjects relating to foreign science. It began to be rumored among the Chinese that Wan Sui, "10,000 years," (the Chinese way of speaking of the Emperor) was going to become a Christian.

The child had become a man, a self-made, self-educated man. Never did any one secure a liberal education under more difficult circumstances. Shut off from all the world, he learned about all the world. Born in the

most conservative of empires, confined in the palace with two foggyish old women, without any examples of liberalism among his ancestors, and without guidance save his own, he became the mainstay of the Liberal party of his country.

All this time the educational institutions established by the government through the Imperial Customs' Service, and those established by the various arsenals and missionary societies were doing for many of the young men of the empire what the Emperor was doing for himself. Thus was the Liberal party formed in China. There were individual leaders of the party such as Li Hung Chang and Chang Chih Tung, who were the product of circumstances; but the great mass of the Reform Party came from the young men who had learned of foreign ways through the educational institutions of the empire.

Yet it must not be supposed from what I have said thus far of His Majesty that because he was studying Christian books he was therefore becoming a Christian. The Chinese did report that he played at Chris-

tianity with the eunuchs, standing them up in classes and catechising them from the books he had read. As for instance:

"What gods do you worship?"

"I worship Buddha."

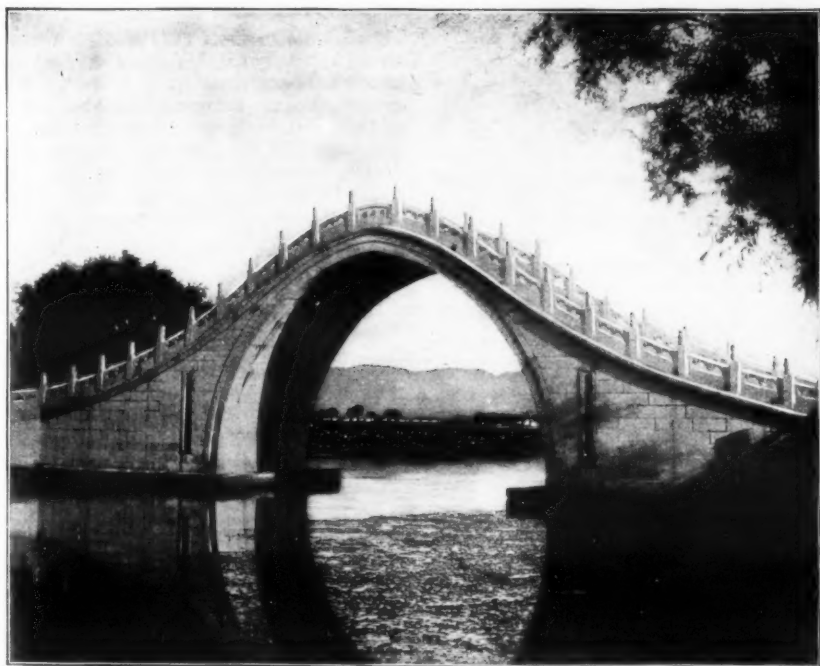
"No, you don't."

"Oh, no! I worship Jesus and the God of Heaven."

"Correct."

But it takes more than the mere reading of books and a bias in favor of Christianity to make a Christian. As a matter of fact, the Chinese idea of the Emperor is that he is nothing but a spoiled child. They used to say, "The Empress Dowager ought to take him over her knee and spank him." It is told of him that once when he did not get what he wanted he grabbed a fine Swiss watch from a table in his rage, dashed it to the floor and stamped it into smithereens.

On another occasion the Emperor had ordered several of his eunuchs to come to him. Only one of them put in an appearance. As the eunuch prostrated himself to kowtow, the Emperor, in a frenzy of vexation, kicked his slave in the mouth. The man who told me of



The Camel-back Bridge at the Emperor's Summer Palace.





Li Hung Chang.

this incident got his information direct, and exclaimed after he had related it to me:

"What kind of a man is that to govern a country?"

Spoiled child Kwang Hsu is without doubt,

and he is by no means a Christian, yet he is the only hope of Chinamen to-day.

The Emperor is now about thirty years of age. He is under the medium height, sallow, and apparently of a weak constitution. He has received a good training in Chinese and in Manchu. He knows some English. He has a wife, a dozen concubines, and no children. He is unable to control his explosive temper. It is doubtful whether he can exert a rule of authority over others. He has a kind of feminine energy to push ahead, but lacks clear vision and the ability to keep in mind the value of surrounding conditions. His reform edicts are unique in the history of the empire. It is impossible to say, however, what part of them is due to him and what part to Kang Yu-wei, the greatest leader of the Reform party.

The Emperor, as is customary in China, transacts all state affairs between twelve at midnight and the rise of the sun. Some sharp tongue has said that the Chinese love darkness because their deeds are evil. What is good, however, is done at the same time. It is during these hours that Kwang Hsu formulates his edicts, which are all published in the *Pekin Gazette*. Two officials shadow the Emperor without ceasing. These are the Imperial Recorders. They note and transcribe his every act, his every word. Their memoranda are transferred to the imperial archives and are not opened until the history of the dynasty is written, long after the rotting bones of Kwang Hsu have become sacred beside those of his ancestors.

The Chinese have a saying:

"Where the hen announces morning, there the home will be destroyed.

You from lack of woman's virtue, neighbor's scorn cannot avoid."



Methodist Episcopal Church and University at Peking.





Reception Room of a Wealthy Chinaman in Peking.

Whatever may have been the case in other countries, this has certainly been the case in China. There have been two other occasions when the throne was usurped by a woman. In the first case, one of the acts of the usurper was to seize her husband's favorite concubine (who was also a favorite of her son who ascended the throne), and having mutilated her, stripped her naked and disemboweled her, threw her out on a manure pile and summoned her son to come and see the human sow.

In the second case, the usurper took a favorite concubine, cut off her legs and arms, tore out her tongue, cut off her ears and gouged out her eyes, and then threw her into a cask of spirits.

In the third instance, the first act of the present Empress Dowager after dethroning the Emperor Kwang Hsu, was to arrest five of the young men of the Reform party, brothers or friends of those who were supposed to have offended against the government, and to have them ruthlessly beheaded.

Many of the stories circulated about the Empress Dowager to the effect that she was a slave girl or came of a poor family are un-

true. My wife has been called as a physician to her *Niang chia*, that is her mother's home. She was the daughter of an official, was taken into the palace and became the concubine of the Emperor, Hsien Feng. The Empress, his wife, had no children. The son of this woman, on the death of the Emperor, became the Emperor Tung Chih, during whose minority the reins of government were held by his mother. When he died without issue, she selected Kwang Hsu to become his successor, holding the reins of government from his infancy to his majority. Him she has now dethroned, and she has selected the son of Prince Tuan as successor not to Kwang Hsu, but to her own son. During the whole reign of Kwang Hsu he was compelled to kowtow to her at least once every five days. If she was at the summer palace twelve miles away, he must go there every five days during the hot summer to knock his head to her. During his whole reign she has compelled every official appointed to viceroalties to thank her at the same time with the Emperor. She is the greatest tyrant in the world and the strongest female character on any throne.

She has never been seen by a foreign man, but she has been seen by the wives of all the ministers in Peking. When she has an interview with a Chinese official, according to Chinese custom, she sits behind a screen. Among the presents she gave the wives of the ministers were a lot of ivory combs—fine combs as well as coarse—a present which it is to be hoped these good ladies will not have use for outside of China. During the interview with these ladies she introduced them to the Emperor. She passed the tea to them herself, taking a sip from each of the cups before she gave it, evidently to show them that it was not poisoned.

he had barely escaped with his life. The Empress had burned all the Christian books, and he added that if he were found he would be either banished or beheaded.

The Empress Dowager's chief characteristic is quickness of thought and action. When she comes to a crisis she does not wait to think twice. She acts at once, and awes by her very presence. She does not take time to reckon what the consequences will be, but when she has gotten the reins well in her own hands she plans at leisure how to avoid consequences. She has always been hand and glove with Li Hung Chang, and he would do anything to protect her. It



In the Foreign University at Peking.

They came away infatuated with the "Old Lady," as the Chinese sometimes call her.

When the Empress deposed the Emperor her first move was to burn all the books he had collected. This news I received in the following way:

One day a man entered our compound, his face scratched, his hair disheveled, and his clothes torn. He first dropped on his knees and asked me to save his life. When he arose he asked me how he might join the church. On inquiry, I found he was a eunuch and a friend of the one who had come to me day after day to buy books. He told me that his friend had been banished for life for purchasing the books for the Emperor, and that

was formerly supposed that she was for reform, and so she might have been had she not been compelled to put herself behind the Conservative party when she deposed Kwang Hsu. She is extravagant beyond expression. Her sixtieth birthday fell during the Japanese-Chinese war. To celebrate it she had a stone road built to the summer palace, while the public road to Fungchon was in a dilapidated condition. When 30,000,000 taels were raised for the construction of railways, it is said she used a large part of the money in the decoration of the imperial gardens, stopping the railway at Shanhaikuan instead of at Monkden, according to the original plans.



### THE LANTERNS OF ST. LULIAE

In the October afternoon  
Orange and purple and maroon,

Goes quiet, Autumn, lamp in hand,  
About the apple-colored land,

To light in every apple-tree  
The Lanterns of St. Luliae.

They glimmer in the orchard shade  
Like fiery opals set in jade,-

Crimson and russet and row gold,  
Yellow and green and scarlet old.

And O when I am far away  
By foaming reef or azure bay,

In crowded street or hot lagoon,  
Or under the strange austral moon,-

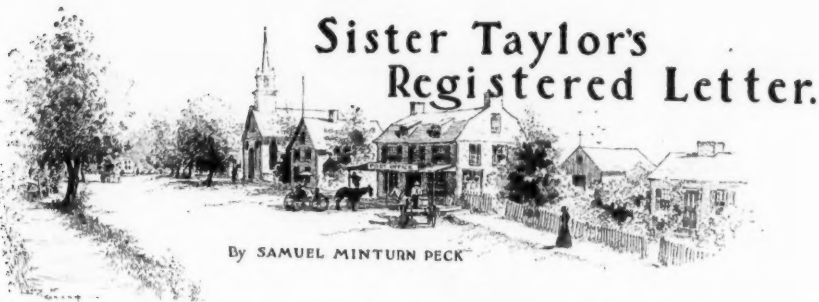
When the homesickness comes on me  
For the great Marshes by the sea,

The running dikes the brimming tide,  
And the dark firs on fenny side.

In dream once more I shall behold  
Like spiral lights those globes of gold,

Hung out in every apple-tree-  
The Lanterns of St. Luliae.

Bliss Carman.



By SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

## Sister Taylor's Registered Letter.

"JOSIAH, ain't Marthy Taylor come for it yet?" asked Miss Nancy Jackson of the village postmaster.

"No," replied Josiah Bingham to the earnest inquiry of the spinster, "and her boy, Sam, says that she ain't a-comin'."

It was three o'clock. The July sun slanted through the big-leaved chestnut oak whose wide-spreading boughs shaded the door, and whenever the drowsy wind stirred the foliage dappled shadows swayed lazily across the threshold. The day was intensely warm, but curiosity can render one insensible to temperature, and Miss Nancy was certainly oblivious of the heat.

A registered letter—the first in the history of Hickory Hollow—had come to the little country post-office, and the widow Taylor, to whom it was addressed, for reasons sufficient to herself, but vastly irritating to her friends, obstinately refused to go to the office and sign for its receipt. To no one was Marthy Taylor's conduct more exasperating than Miss Nancy, her bosom friend; indeed, so unreasonable was Marthy's behavior, and so outdone her crony, that had not curiosity come to the rescue of affection the lifelong tie which bound them would have been broken.

"And what are you goin' to do about it, Si?" continued the old brown sunbonnet.

"Send it back the person who wrote it," said the pineywood's postmaster, filling his pipe.

"Josiah Bingham!" exclaimed Miss Nancy in dismay. If the letter, whose author Bingham, ever since its arrival, had declined to divulge, was returned unopened no one at the Hollow would know its contents.

"Let me see it again, Josiah."

A yellow envelope, handled by the female denizens of the hamlet till its corners were frazzled, passed over the counter. Fascinated, Miss Nancy gazed at the type-written address, and pressed the wonderful epistle between her forefinger and thumb. Had it

been a lemon, or a piece of sugar cane, how quickly it would have given up its secret! Josiah watched the process over his pipe with an amused smile. Suddenly Miss Nancy started and caught her breath, and he laughed. At the mocking sound she laid the letter down and sighed. Days and nights of baffled curiosity had made her hollow-eyed, and after the start she had given, a pathetic look came into her thin face, but the heartless beholder viewed the old maid unmoved.

"Josiah," she said, "Marthy Taylor's had a power o' trouble. Her husband, Jim Taylor, got in debt, and lost half his land. Then he had the rheumatism for six months, and when he got up again nothin' would do but he must go across the Mississippi to look for his brother Tom, and on the way he was took down with the fever and died, and Marthy had to sell the rest of the land to pay his doctor's bill and funeral expenses. Seems to me, Josiah, you'd be sorry for Marthy Taylor."

"I am sorry for Marthy—I'm sorry she's so stubborn. But what's that got to do with it," said Josiah, glancing toward the letter which Nancy's eyes had never left.

"It's got this much, Si Bingham: If you was truly sorry for Marthy, you'd go take the letter to her and—"

"Take it to her!" interrupted Josiah, "why she sent me word by Sam that she wouldn't have it if it was handed her on a silver waiter."

"Josiah Bingham, listen till I'm through. What I propose is that you carry it with the receipt to Marthy, and make her think that the law requires her to take it and sign—that she'll be sent to jail if she don't. Do it, Josiah, and I'll go ahead and help you to persuade her. Who knows there ain't a fortune inside instead of the bad news she's expectin'."

"No, Miss Nancy," said Josiah, resolutely, "the post-office regulations can't be broke for a woman's whim-whams; and if Marthy

"Taylor don't come sign for it before to-morrow night that letter's goin' back to the one who sent it by the next post." And the object of contention disappeared in the postmaster's iron safe.

When Miss Nancy heard the lock click she left the store. Josiah was hopeless. But a great deal may be done in twenty-four hours, and she did not despair.

Hidden from the postmaster's eyes by a bend in the road, she turned up a little lane. In spite of Josiah's provoking prudence, unknown to him Nancy had made a great discovery which concerned her quite as much as Marthy, and with the perturbation caused by it, came an irresistible craving for sympathy and counsel. Running over the women of the Hollow hastily, she thought that Mary Jane Higgins would be least likely to abuse her confidence—at all events, for twenty-four hours. At the end of that time, if the contents of the mysterious letter were not known to her, her misery would be too great to care whether Mary Jane told or not.

Reaching her destination, ere she was seated, something in Miss Nancy's manner made Mrs. Higgins aware of the momentousness of the visit.

"Has Marthy got the letter?" exclaimed Mary Jane.

"No, but I've found out who wrote it," replied Miss Nancy.

"Did Josiah tell you?"

"Not he," replied Nancy, resentfully. "I found it out by accident. I asked Josiah to let me see the letter again, and while I had it in my hand a corner of the stamp rose up, and I saw the missing part of the postmark. You see, the stamp wasn't well stuck on, and the missing letters got printed underneath."

"And the letter came from—"

"Texas."

"But who wrote it?"

"Tom Taylor," and Miss Nancy blushed. The heart of an old maid faithful to her first love is like a jar of rose leaves. The exterior may be forbidding, but, ah! what fragrance hides within! Though a score of years had passed since Tom Taylor had bidden Miss Nancy good-by, when she came to suspect that he was the author of the wonderful letter the old love surged up in her heart, and the hope of her youth blossomed anew.

"I thought that Tom went to Arkansas," said Mary Jane.

"So did everybody else. But when father forbade him the house, and he went away, he wrote me a letter."

"What was in it, Nancy?"

"I never knew. Father burned it—all but the envelope. That was postmarked 'Texas.'"

"And you've never told anybody all these



"If Marthy Taylor don't come sign for it before to-morrow night, that letter's goin' back to the one who sent it."

years—not even after your father died,” said Mary Jane, solemnly. “Now I know, Nancy Jackson, why you never married!”

Miss Nancy silently wiped her eyes, and there was a long pause.

“Mary Jane,” said the old maid, tearfully, “if I had known Tom Taylor’s address, I’d have answered him. If Marthy Taylor would only receive that registered letter I might write to him now. But Marthy won’t have it, and Josiah’s going to send it back to-morrow night—and, oh, Mary Jane, what shall I do?”

“It’s a shame,” said Mary Jane, indignantly. “Marthy’s standin’ in her own light; Tom may be sending her money, or,” and the speaker’s eyes shone, “he may be writin’ to find out if you are still single!”

The latter possibility made Miss Nancy’s heart leap, and started her tears afresh.

“Seems to me,” continued Mary Jane, “that Marthy’s troubles have gone to her head and unsettled her mind. Every woman in the Hollow’s been and talked to her, and it’s only made her more stubborn.”

“Yes,” said Miss Nancy, “but we’ve all gone separately. Maybe Mary Jane, if we went together, and—”

“To be sure,” interrupted Mary Jane, with flashing eyes, “I never thought of that! Let’s all go in a body, and take Elder Lawton along. If she won’t listen to us women, she’ll never be able to stand out against the elder. We’ll go this afternoon, it ain’t too late.”

The newly-formed plan met the indorsement of every one; not a woman refused to go, not even old Granny Summerfield, who was eighty years old, and nearly deaf and blind, and was asked by Mary Jane to show Marthy, she said, how serious was the matter in hand. So energetic was Mary Jane that in less than an hour the party, sixteen strong, walking two and two like a funeral procession, and led by the elder’s high hat, approached Marthy’s door.

She received them grimly, and when all had taken their seats in a semicircle, sat down, with her boy Sam standing behind her chair, and waited for developments. The importance of the occasion, as Nancy and Mary Jane had hoped, was fully impressed upon her. She had battled separately with every woman present in regard to the unwelcome letter, and had come off victorious, and she felt that she could fight them all together; but the elder—that was taking an unfair advantage of her.

It had been agreed that Nancy should

make the first assault, but Marthy’s look of anger was not lost upon Nancy, and she furtively signed to Mary Jane to begin.

“Marthy,” said the latter, thoroughly frightened by the honor unexpectedly thrust upon her—“Marthy, we are all your friends, and we hate to see you a-standin’ in your own light, so we’ve come around—we’ve come—we’ve come—” and inspiration failing her, Mary Jane looked at the elder and the other women panic-stricken.

“Yes, Mary Jane,” said Marthy, smiling acidly, “I see you are all here; there ain’t none o’ you missin’.”

“What did she say?” asked Granny Summerfield, looking from Marthy to the others with her hand to her ear. “Is she a-goin’ to get the letter?”

“No, granny,” exclaimed Marthy, raising her voice, “and nobody can make me go.”

Granny advanced her chair and strained her ears, delighted to be addressed personally.

“I know what they are all come for, Granny,” continued Marthy, ignoring every one but the old woman, “and I know it’s all Nancy Jackson’s doin’s. Nancy is makin’ a cat’s-paw o’ Mary Jane Higgins, and Mary Jane ain’t got sense enough to see it.”

And Marthy’s eyes glared back and forth between Nancy and Mary Jane till the latter burst into tears.

A group of women gathered around her and attempted consolation. “There—there—Mary Jane! Don’t take on so. She don’t mean what she says,” they cried, patting the hysterical woman on the back to little purpose.

“Yes, I do mean it—every word,” said Marthy, her eyes snapping.

“Marthy Taylor”—Miss Nancy could restrain herself no longer—“you always were stubborn and headstrong, and maybe that’s why Providence has punished you in the past. If you’d a-listened to Mary Jane instead o’ insultin’ us both, she’d a-told what the elder and all of us think. You are countin’ on that letter bringin’ you bad tidings, but it’s our idea that it may hold the best news you ever had.”

“Good news for me!” exclaimed Marthy, bitterly. “I ain’t never had any good news since I was born. It’s liker to bring me more debts o’ Jim’s for me to pay; or else that worthless brother o’ his has got into some scrape and wants me to help him out of it.”

“Shame on you, Marthy,” said Miss Nancy, indignantly. “It’s a foul bird that betrays its own nest.”



"Tom Taylor never came from my nest. And if I was you, Nancy Jackson, I wouldn't take up for a man that made an old maid o' me," retorted Marthy.

"Come—come, sisters," said the elder, thinking it time to interpose; "don't speak in wrath." Then he turned to Marthy.

"Sister Taylor, you've been sorely afflicted, we all know, but your troubles have

When the gate closed behind them, the women gathered in knots and proceeded slowly homeward, discussing Marthy's scandalous behavior; for, like the industrious bee which sucks honey from every flower, gossip finds matter for discourse in all things, and plucks solace even from defeat.

But for Miss Nancy there was no comfort anywhere. She had given up all hope con-



"... the party, sixteen strong, walking two and two like a funeral procession, and led by the elder's high hat, approached Marthy's door."

been sent for your good, and not to harden your heart. Now regarding this letter, which is the cause of our presence, it is your duty to receive it in a Christian spirit, whether its message be one of joy or sorrow. But it's my belief, and that of all your friends, that the clouds are a-liftin'. If such be the case, think how sinful it would be to blind your eyes to the light that's breakin' through. Should you persist in your present course, you will grieve the hearts of all your friends, act against the interest of your orphan boy, and defraud the author of the letter of the sum of twelve cents. Reconsider, Sister Taylor, I beg of you, before it's too late."

The elder looked pleadingly at Marthy, but she remained steadfast, and seeing that his appeal had been uttered in vain, the old man addressed the disappointed women:

"Sisters, let us unite in prayer."

For the elder and all to assume that they were right and she wrong was beyond measure irritating to Marthy; to be prayed over was more than she could bear. But she waited till the pious petition was ended, and then in the midst of the fervent amens abruptly left the room, and the assembly broke up in confusion.

cerning the letter, and, unnoticed by the other women, hurried home. It was nearly dark ere she arrived, and picking up a pail she was going out to milk the cow when she heard the sound of bare feet trotting behind her.

"Sam Taylor!" Miss Nancy leaned against the cowshed.

"Don't be scared, Miss Nancy."

"Your mother ain't sick, or nothin'?"

"No, I've come to tell you someh'n," said the boy, out of breath. "Don't you mind what mammy said. She's worried nearly to death because we're so poor. We're mighty nigh starvin', Miss Nancy, but mammy's proud, and that's what makes her act so contrary. Miss Nancy, do you think that letter might be from Uncle Tom, and have money in it?"

"Sam, I'm sure it's from your uncle. Whether or not it's got money in it, I don't know; but I believe it brings good news of some sort."

"Then mammy's got to have it," said the boy, his eyes shining in the dark.

"It's no use, Sam," sighed Miss Nancy, gloomily. "You've talked to her?"

"Yes," admitted Sam.

"I've talked to her. Everybody's argued





"... when all had taken their seats in a semicircle, she sat down, with the boy Sam standing behind her chair, and waited for developments."

with her, and at last we took the elder. It's no use."

"I tell you, Miss Nancy, mammy's got to have that letter. Talkin' ain't everythin'. I've *talked*, but I ain't *done*."

"What can you do, poor child!" exclaimed Miss Nancy, compassionately.

"That's my secret, but if mammy don't read that letter before to-morrow night, I'll eat my hat," laughed Sam, and disappeared in the night.

"Sam—Sam," called Miss Nancy, "come back!" She was alarmed. Suppose Sam, trying to enter the store to abstract the letter should be shot by Josiah for a thief! She wished she had told him it was locked up in Bingham's safe.

She waited a moment, hoping that Sam would return, then going to the fence looked down the road, but he was gone, and she came back to the cowed with another anxiety upon her troubled soul.

Early next morning she sought Mary Jane again, and discussing Sam's visit, they agreed that the boy's wild scheme must be prevented, or Josiah informed of his design. While they were yet debating the matter, Sam passed the door and was called in.

"I never said nothin' about breakin' in Josiah Bingham's store," said Sam, regarding Miss Nancy reproachfully.

"But we know you were goin' to, Sam," said Miss Nancy.

Sam meditated a moment.

He had supposed that Miss Nancy would keep her counsel. But since she had told Mary Jane he well knew that unless he threw the latter off the track the whole village would speedily be made aware of his resolution and every woman in it might watch him so closely that it would endanger the execution of the cunning stratagem which he had devised.

"Well, Miss Nancy, don't fret. If the letter's locked up in Josiah Bingham's safe, it'll have to stay there for all of me," and Sam walked away with well-simulated despair.

"Them women!" said he disgustedly. "Can't none of 'em keep a secret. It's me ag'in the Hollow," he continued, sauntering along, whistling softly. "And the first thing is to fix Josiah."

"Mr. Bingham, mammy's weakenin'," he said, a few moments later, leaning over the counter.

"She's comin' for the letter?"

"'Twouldn't no ways 'sprise me if she did. We had a big time at our house yesterday. The whole settlement was there—I mean all the women folks—and they brought Elder Lawton. But mammy was game. They talked to her and mammy talked back, and give 'em as good as they brought, as long as they fit fair."

"How?" queried Josiah.

"Why, when mammy'd cleaned out all the women, and got the best o' the elder, too, he ups and prays over her. I think it was a durned mean trick."

A pause.

"Mr. Bingham, I want you to promise me some'h'n."

"What is it, Sam?"

"Mr. Bingham, if mammy comes down here for that letter, don't say nothin' to her, nor ask no questions, 'cause she feels powerful sore. Just let her sign and get away as quick as you can."

Josiah assented. "I won't say a word, Sam, but hand her the letter and receipt as soon as she comes in."

"Thank you, sir," said Sam and left the store.

For the women of the Hollow the day was one of unalloyed gloom. Many were the disconsolate glances cast in the direction of Marthy Taylor's gate, but nobody dared to enter. Neither did any one repair to the post-office for a parting look at the document whose arrival had brought so much trouble to the village. But the calm was deceitful. Little dreamed the inhabitants that they were sleeping, so to speak, over a mine whose explosion would cause an excitement beside which all previous emotions were destined to sink into nothingness.

It was the happy fate of Mary Jane Higgins to discover the lighted fuse; perhaps as a reward for the philanthropic errand on which she was engaged at the time. It happened in this wise.

Toward sunset it occurred to Mary Jane's kind heart that it would be a good deed to visit Miss Nancy and aid her in bearing up against her heavy disappointment. On this worthy mission, just as she was about to enter Miss Nancy's gate she saw Marthy's door open, and the widow peer furtively down the road as if to see if the coast was clear.

At the vision, Mary Jane slunk out of view within the gateway, and beheld Marthy

make her way rapidly in the direction of the post-office.

"Nancy, she's gone for the letter!" exclaimed Mary Jane, wildly, and in a jiffy the two women were out of the gate.

In the road they were speedily joined by other women, for Mary Jane's eyes were not the only ones to spy Marthy set forth, and before the latter had reached the store, the whole village, with the elder in the van, were on Marthy's trail.

"It's the Lord's doing, sisters. But don't follow her too close," exclaimed the elder, still keeping ahead.

Josiah was evidently true to his word, for Marthy remained scarcely half a minute within. When she came out, she tore open the envelope, and gazing at the contents a moment gave a yell that almost froze the blood of all the spectators, and then turned a series of somersaults in the road.

"The Lord have mercy upon her," said the elder. "She's lost her mind."

"What is it—what is it?" cried Granny Summerfield. The yell had entered even her deaf ears.

"She's gone crazy," answered Mary Jane.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" chorused the other women.

"We must catch her and get the letter before she destroys it," said the elder, and all hurried after Marthy, who had started homeward at the top of her speed.

Just as pursued and pursuers reached the widow's gate the door of the house opened, and in the rays of the setting sun a second Marthy stood before them and faced her double running up the walk.

"Oh, mammy, mammy, I've got the letter," called Sam, tossing off his mother's bonnet. "It's from Uncle Tom. He's just heard about pap's death, and how poor we are, and he's sent us two hundred dollars—and he's comin' home to buy back the land! Read it, mammy!"

For a moment Marthy stared like one in a trance, then she sat down on the step and buried her face in her apron, sobbing.

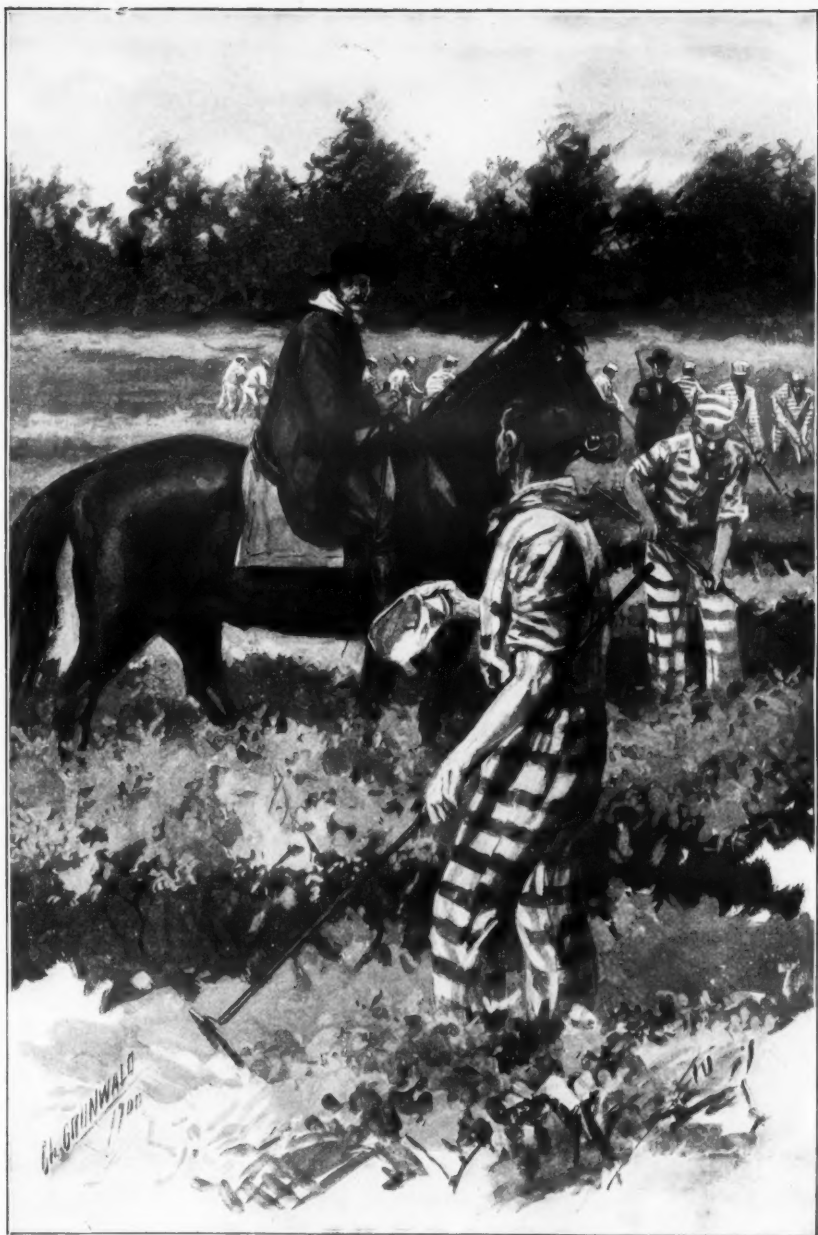
"Shall I read it to you, Sister Taylor?" said the elder.

Marthy nodded assent.

It was even as Sam had said.

When the elder finished, he added:

"That's all that concerns you, Sister Taylor. There's a postscript; but that is for Sister Nancy Jackson."



"We are short on guards," he added, smitten by a strange pity for the convict."

"The Release of Five-Sixty-Eight."—p. 221.

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# THE RELEASE OF FIVE-SIXTY-EIGHT

By DABNEY MARSHALL

IN the midst of a perfectly peaceful but active life, he had been arrested, thrown into jail and brought before a jury of his countrymen. A series of circumstances, each trivial in itself, was, by the powerful logic of the state's attorney, woven into such a chain of proof that his guilt seemed absolutely demonstrated. At least, the intelligent jurors had by their verdict certified that he was "guilty beyond all reasonable doubts arising out of the evidence."

It had all been so sudden, so horrible, that he at first had been as completely paralyzed, as if a bullet had been sent through his brain or into his heart. All during the trial, the doubt, the uncertainty as to what the witnesses might say, what circumstance might be adduced against him, the hope of acquittal, the horrible eating fear of conviction and disgrace, had so wrung and tossed his soul, that he sat perfectly apathetic, with cold white hands stretched out motionless on the table in front of him, and with a dull, dry light staring out of his eyes.

But when the verdict was announced and the uncertainty ended, the blood bounded out of his heart with a rush, and hung a crimson flag of indignation on his brow and cheeks.

As he thought of the hundreds of good deeds he had done his fellow-men, some of whom sat silent and unprotesting in that very court-room audience, as he recalled to himself that he had never denied a human being a favor asked, when its granting was possible; as he remembered how loyally he had served his state, when that state needed his service, his indignation at the injustice done him filled his soul to the exclusion of every other thought or emotion.

The knowledge of the disgrace that must enshroud his name, the certainty of long agony involved in a five years' sentence to a convict farm, were drowned in the surging sea of indignation that seethed in his soul.

The indignation finally gave way to a stern resolve to serve out his sentence faithfully and well, so that he should demonstrate to his enemies and friends, to his accusers and the public at large, that he was innocent. Not that he cared any longer for the good

opinion of the public. For what is the opinion of such a worthless set of hounds worth, when they but wait the yelp of the lead-dog "to open in full cry" on the track of any hunted being, whether he be innocent or guilty? What mattered it to him what the press thought of him, when he knew that for it an accusation of crime was tantamount to a demonstration of guilt, and that it habitually murdered truth in the interest of sensation? No, he cared nothing for press or public. Let men, following the low instincts of their own hearts, and reading the lives of others by the light of their own, be ready to believe the first baseness with which the lips of slander would soil the name of a fellow human being! That did not matter, but it did matter to him to show to them that they were mistaken; it was a matter of pride to shake their fatuous conceit and to convict them of an intellectual mistake. Perhaps such a conviction might give them pause and thus save some other unfortunate brother man from a calamity similar to his own.

So when he stood up at the bar to receive his sentence he appeared a new man. There was a light, not of defiance, but of calm dignity in his eyes, his mouth and jaw were set and there was just the least contemptuous curl on his lips, faintly revealing his heart's scorn for the human vultures thronging the court-room to feed their carrion-loving minds on the dead hopes and murdered happiness of those whom the criminal law strikes down and consigns to the hell of a convict camp.

At the penitentiary he had answered without emotion the series of personal questions to which the new convict is subjected, but he had involuntarily shuddered when they stripped him naked, and in the presence of the attendant negro convict, searched him for scars and distinguishing deformities of person. He had crimsoned, too, when he thought that the description so taken must be registered in the great books of the prison, between those of thieves and burglars and the vilest of criminals, to be pored over and read and discussed by whatever morbid eyes cared to peruse the records. But the crimson had died, as he thought it

is not what is done to man, but what he does that makes the degradation.

He tarried at the prison walls for several days, but at five o'clock one morning in June he was sent off to the white convict farm. Here he was corraled with the other convicts, about a hundred in number, in a large cage where the men slept pell-mell lying not two feet apart. The heat and the foul air, rank and reeking with the putrid exhalations of the sweaty, toilworn bodies of the over-worked convicts, were so horrible that the place sickened his soul and nauseated him to the heart.

Sleep was as impossible as a flight to heaven. He was too wearied to move, and yet he could not lie still. He tossed from one side to another, and each position seemed more intolerable than the other. Tired as he was, he rose to pace the floor, thinking thus to walk off the nervousness, but the gleam of a leveled gun and the rancous cry of the night watchman, "Crawl back into your bunk, you d— rascal," told him even this poor consolation was denied him.

The next morning he was too sick, too exhausted to go to the field, but lest he should be accused of "playing off," he shouldered his hoe and took his place with the rest of the gang.

By the time the wild hibisci had fully opened their crimson hearts to the bees, while the sun was just lassoing the pine with a golden lariat of light, he was chopping cotton with the rest of the men.

How his arms ached, how the greater arteries throbbed and beat and tingled with pain, how his eyes dimmed and filmed with mist, as minute after minute, each an eternity of toil in that June heat, he awkwardly swung the hoe, rent between the twin fears of hot taking pains enough, and so cutting up the cotton, and of taking too much and thus losing time and lagging behind the gang, and subjecting himself to a lash over the shoulders for idleness.

Tramp, tramp, tramp up and down the rows the men hoed, the guards, gun in hands and eyes strained on them, marched with them, while the driver, girded with cartridge belt, and armed with whip and pistol, rode up and down among them, and as his name indicated, drove them up to the work, bestowing a curse here, a lick yonder, and further on a word of commendation to some strapping, hulking convict, who, raised on the farm, could stand the toil, and was trying to purchase a pardon by doing two men's work.

When the ten o'clock cage bell struck, dividing the air with a harsh metallic sound, cruel as a sabre cut, he thought he could stand it no longer. The heat was terrific. The perspiration rolled in beads from his whole person. The sappy cotton leaves and the rank weeds and grass exhaled a sickening, enervating steam, that wrapped its clammy fingers around him and seemed pressing the life out of his heart.

He must stop, he must have a moment's surcease of toil. But no, he must not do this. They did not stand well with the convict authorities who lost time in the field. He must have a good record, he must live to show his enemies that in all his prison record there was not the faintest black mark on the page where his name was registered.

But he could at least rest on his hoe a moment, he could give himself the brief, tantalizing sweetness of a dream of all the cool places he had ever seen.

He closed his eyes a moment, as he leaned upon its handle, and visions of all the refreshing places he had ever seen in his life flashed, nay, dreamily suffused before his mind softly as a rose petal that drifts downward on the April air. Velvet shades lay on grasses, dew cooled and greenly dark, and winds, delicious with all coolness, swept through his hair. He saw again the bayou where he had waded as a boy. How healing was the cool white sand and the lucent water as it caressed his feet. Surely that was not water he seems to drink, but a draught of nectar brewed in paradise for some god's nuptial night.

A lash across the shoulders shattered the vision. He said nothing. He was too wearied and panting even to look the indignation his heart harbored. He put forth all the might of his soul, he strung his heart-strings to their tensest pitch in an effort to keep up with the gang.

He did this until eleven o'clock. Then, clutching the hoe handle to keep him from falling, he begged the driver to let him stop until dinner. He was so deadly pale under the dirt, his voice was so nerveless, that the driver consented. He was laid down upon some pine straws at the edge of the woods and a guard with a Winchester rifle stationed above him lest he should rise and outrun the hounds when the gang moved off.

While he lay there a little breeze began the faintest whisper of love to the wild azaleas on the creek bank, then, as its passion warmed, this whisper sweetened and

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swelled to a triumphant paean of accepted affection. The gang was now far up in the fields, and all the dim noises of the woodland made music to him and the silent guard. The drama of nature unrolled before his eyes. The bees buzzed around the wild asclepias and sun-flowers more splendid than the Assyrian cohorts of purple and gold; the great yellow-winged butterflies wheeled circlewise in the silver air or settled down on the moist places, like flakes of paradise sunlight. Sweet odors of pine resins, mingled with the fragrance of ripe blackberries, magnolia blooms and baytree blossoms built up a stimulating perfume that was fain to woo him back to consciousness. Man had outcast him, had hounded him down, but nature still lavished her best upon him, as if he were of the blood royal, and to the earth he was yet a son.

After a while the cage bell struck twelve. A faint but infinitely glad shout went up from the gang. That sound meant an hour's rest. The convicts were marched up to the shade on the edge of the woodland, but not too near, lest escape be too tempting and too easily effected. The guards still held leveled guns, on which the sunbeams executed a taunting, devilish dance. Presently a rattle was heard, a puff of dust bubbled up along the turning row, and the dinner wagon arrived. The meat, corn-bread and peas were eagerly devoured, and then the men sprawled out into a dull, apathetic sleep.

At one o'clock the bell again sounded, the hoes were taken up, the parallelogram of men with a guard at each angle was formed and started to work. The driver told him he must go along with the gang, even if he could not work, for they could not spare "good guards to keep watch over dead beats." He again desperately nerved himself for the toil, and now, for the first time, born of the sickness and pain that gripped his heart, came the fear, the idea of death—death in disgrace, death in a convict camp—death in the hated, loathed convict stripes. This idea haunted him but a moment. Then he laughed aloud. No, he could not die, until his time was out. Injustice might triumph a while, but not a man's whole life long. No, God would not, nay! God could not, let him die a convict. This weakness, this sickness, was sent but to try his faith, but to make sweeter the liberty and the triumph that must some day be his, as divine amends for what he must endure.

So all the afternoon, up and down the rows he walked and walked, miles and miles,

it seemed to him, through a thick, sticky glare of molten copper. Wearied, weakened, exhausted, almost dying as he was, he would show them he was a willing hand, that he would not play off on them. Maybe then God might put some mercy in their hearts and they would not over-drive him. Oh, for the strength to endure, to hold out until he became hardened to the toil!

By and by a dead hush fell over woodland and field. The earth and the arching heavens and the grim forest all seemed holding their breath. The leaves on the trees hung lolling like tongues of dogs too weary even to pant. The crisped foliage of the cotton was held out and up to the sky like the clenched hands of some human being imploring the heat to spare and smite not. It was the last battle, the final rally of the heat ere the cooling night came.

Over yonder in the west, God seemed burning up some world, doomed and damned, so red and intense was the fury of fire in which the sun was going down.

A night bird piped in the sloughs, one leaf stirred, and then another, and then the whole top of the little cypress quivered in the wind, like the green tresses of a sea nymph coming up in gladness from the cool halls of the ocean. Thank God, thank God, it was evening at last! That sound, sweetening the red air, beating it into waves of music, is no voice of angels intoning an evening anthem, but only the cage bell calling the convicts back to the cage, the camp, and to rest.

The camp is reached and supper eaten, and he is lying down on the bunk. What mattered it if only a little hay and a blanket were between him and the hard, unplanned plank? What mattered now the warm, sweaty atmosphere, that had so sickened him the first night he slept in the cage? Was it possible he had been so particular? What mattered anything to him now, that he could rest? He need not move, he need not lift a hand, he need not as much as bend a finger now for seven hours. Think of it, revel in it, roll it deliciously under the tongue, seven brief, sweet hours of utter, unbroken rest. They were wrong, who said that neither heaven nor hell had mercy upon a convict, for was not he, even he, the most abjectly wretched of them all, at last slowly slipping into the cooling sea of sleep?

The next day he went to the field again, but with a lighter heart. It was Saturday, and on the morrow he might rest and sleep

for the full twenty-four hours if he so desired. This day he held his place until eleven o'clock, but then the heat, beating on his neck and spinal column, so seeped into his brain and body that he wavered and tottered like a man under a blow. But no, he must not faint, he would not faint. He could rest to-morrow. He must make a good record, he must bring confusion to his enemies, and justify the shaken faith of his friends. He would, however, ask the driver to let him rest a little while. It was almost the dinner hour. What was half an hour's work to the authorities who had nine hundred men under their control, but to him it might mean life or death!

But no, said the driver, it was Saturday, and he could rest Sunday. "We are short on guards," he added, smitten by a strange pity for the convict. So he doggedly endured, until the dinner wagon came. Was he the dog that clutched the pan of food and eagerly devoured it with unwashed hands?

One of the guards called out to the driver, "Five-sixty-eight is mighty bad off." The driver drawled back, "Well, he has got forty minutes to get right in, and right he had better be by that time."

At one o'clock he began work again, and continued, how he never knew, until four, when the Saturday calling-off bell rang.

A shout greeted the sound, and the men were soon marching along the yellow strip of road leading to the camp. When at the cage, instead of halting, as he expected, he heard the driver yell out for them to march a mile further to the creek where they were to take their Saturday afternoon bath. He felt in his soul he could not march the extra mile. He knew it meant death to him. He asked the driver to permit him to stay at the cage, but no, there were no guards there to watch him. He was too weak, too exhausted, to run off if he desired, he told the driver. "Shut up, I don't want no talk out of you," said that functionary; "take your place in line and quit giving so much trouble if you do not want to be thrown (whipped)."

When they reached the creek he was too

weary to strip off his clothes, too weary to make even the exertion required to sit down. A huge hammer is beating on his breast and heart, and smaller hammers are beating on his wrists where his pulses used to be. A mighty, ruthless hand is crushing and compressing his brain and torturing the life out of him. Great God, are the drivers and the guards to whom he has been so obedient, is the state whose slave he is, going to let him be murdered in cold blood? Why does not some one stop that hammer? He tries to call for help, but, lo! they have soldered his tongue to the roof of his mouth and he cannot utter the faintest sound.

But see, what is that? It is the Mississippi River! He has served out his sentence, he is free, he is home again! Ah! he knew, he knew that God would not let him die a convict! The devil lied when he whispered this to him. Look, how proudly, how majestically its unhurrying, resistless brown current sweeps around the long, jutting sand bar and dashes against the Natchez bluffs. Sheer across the state these bluffs have marched, unchecked, but at the mighty rover's edge they are stayed as if arrested by the ukase of a king. In a moment, in the flash of an eye, in the beat of a heart, or the clap of a hand, he will be stripped of his clothing and embraced and fondled by the brown, sweet water, by the sucking current and eddies which shall drift and dandle him as a father does his first-born babe. Out there in those golden waters there is life, there is health, there is restoration for all the convicts in all the world. At last all his clothes are off, his hands wave aloft in their joy, a jubilant shout goes up from his lips. One plunge and he will be in those dark, dear waters that God has given him back again, back after all the mad, weary years.

Suddenly the men in the creek cease their splashing, the driver asks what is the matter with that Natchez bully, and that night the mail train bears to the authorities at the walls this message:

"Number Five-sixty-eight died yesterday of sunstroke."





Maurer photo, San Francisco.

News of the War.

Chinese Bulletin Boards in San Francisco.

## THE EASTERN MIGRATION OF ORIENTAL PEOPLES

BY FRANK MORTON TODD

**A**FTER the unsuccessful revolutionary effort of 1898, when the Empress Dowager had dispersed clubs, suppressed the newspapers, closed the schools of the new knowledge, killed such leaders of the reform party as she could catch, and driven the rest into exile, it became more than ever apparent to Kong Yeu Wei and his disciples that the hope of China and the throne of Kwang Hsu depended on the West. The reform cause needed help. It must be assisted not only by foreigners but by the multitudes of Chinese people that had gone abroad and absorbed foreign ideas.

In order to make an appeal to their expatriated "cousins," and to beget understanding and sympathy in those Westerners among whom they had gone, the moving spirits of the Chinese Reform Association decided to use in a foreign country one instrument of Western progress that had been denied them in China, the press. And on the 9th of June of this year there appeared in San Francisco the first issue of a newspaper printed in English, but owned, controlled and edited by Chinamen, addressed

to the thousands of Chinese on the Pacific Coast who can read English, and to the Americans who wish to be acquainted with the only existing intelligent attempt to save China for the Chinese.

The *Oriental Occidental Press*, a newspaper devoted to the interests of the Chinese and Americans, is the organ of the Chinese Junta in this country and of the reform propaganda in the Occident. It has behind it the funds of the reform party collected from Chinamen everywhere by the central organizations at Macao.

There are other Chinese newspapers in the United States, San Francisco alone having seven, but they are printed in the Chinese language and characters. It is a fact of some significance that the reform party should have felt warranted to establish an English paper for Chinamen, which is calculated to appeal to 5,000 Chinese in San Francisco and to thousands more up and down the Pacific Coast and throughout the country.

It is hard to find a large American town where the Chinaman is not. Dennis Kearney,

the San Francisco sand-lot and anti-Chinese agitator, said the Chinaman must go, but he did not go. He stayed and multiplied. He has outstayed the sand-lot, now a conventional grass plat in front of the San Francisco City Hall, adorned with a monument



Piatt photo, San Francisco.

The Street Actor, Chinatown, San Francisco.

and a venerable smooth-bore from the Spanish War. He has outstayed the sand-lot orator, now metamorphosed into a close-mouthed wheat speculator. He has pushed his way Eastward. His numbers have grown 192 per cent. in Boston and 273 per cent. in Massachusetts in the decade from 1885 to 1895; and in New York City and its environs from 2,935 in 1890 to 12,000 in 1897. His great golden dragon went East as far as Chicago to grace the "fall festival" in that city last year and made Sam Moy, the leader of the Chinese colony, the proudest man in town.

The Chinaman's continued presence in the face of hostile agitation, of restrictive laws and of Rock Springs massacres is indicative of the volume and persistence of the movement of Oriental peoples Eastward, a movement that has been going on with more or less uniformity since a time antedating the history of the Middle Kingdom itself.

The currents of humanity have not inevitably set toward the West. When Bishop

Berkeley wrote "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way," he might have added that it takes its way Eastward with equal facility. For it is not a heavenly body at all, but an earthly appetite for more food to put in the stomach, or a wish to escape the appetites of others, or a desire for better habitations to enjoy life in. It may be the craving to proselytize among a people having a different set of religious opinions. It may be a combination of some or all of these things. And if our own Westward migration has occupied us so that we look upon it as the only one worth considering, the Eastward migration has been going on with equal disregard of our prejudice. We look to the East for our origin. The Asiatic looks to the West for his. The present meeting of the two movements in the shock of war that may be world-wide is a truly democratic happening. It is a collision of civil-



Maurer photo, San Francisco.

Chinese Family Group in Seattle.

izations. It may help to a better understanding of it to consider a few of the multifarious phases of the Eastward movement.

The Mongolian is one of the fundamental anthropological classes, and its members must have begun to move Eastward at a

very remote time. Dr. Hamy declares that "certain facts justify the supposition of an extinct yellow race that knew the vanished mammalia of the valley of the Rhone." That is pretty early. Some of our best families hardly go back so far or claim acquaintance with such aristocratic neighbors.

At a later period other Mongolians lived in Eastern Europe and upper Asia and peopled the eastern part of the latter continent by descending the fertile valleys that run toward the rising sun. The Chinese formerly spoke of themselves as the "Hundred Families" whose ancestors came from the northwest down the valley of the Hoang-Ho, expelling or subjugating and absorbing the aborigines. It seems probable that the Chinese, Hindus, Chaldeans and Arabs were once neighbors, and that as Central Asia dried up it divided them, some going westward and some toward the Pacific. The Aryan and Mongolian races were separated by the plateau of Pamir. The great deserts and almost uninhabitable tracts made a barrier between them which in course of time was rendered still more impassable by the barbarous tribes that grew up in these forbidding highlands. The Mongolian movement Eastward possibly reached the Pacific in time to intercept another great migration that had been going on for generations around the Pacific shores. According to a theory put forward by Otis Tufton Mason, within the last six years, the ancestors of our American "aborigines" started northward from somewhere near the Indo-Malayan archipelago, in search of food or of more congenial homes. They traveled in successive expeditions for generations, by land and sea, along the water front of China, by Siberia and Kamchatka and the Aleutian Islands, cutting across gulfs and estuaries with their canoes, hunting on the land and

finding a bountiful food supply in the shallow seas. The main bodies progressed continuously, yet threw off little colonies that took root. Also, they picked up parties that wanted to go on. Their arts, languages and habits changed as their necessities and en-



*Maurer photo, San Francisco.*

Confucian Shrine With Portrait, in a Chinese School in San Francisco.

vironments changed. Yet they retained traces of their origin, as the shell heaps on the shore appear to have retained the traces of their vast camps.

By and by they reached the great salmon run of the Columbia River, and thence they spread over the hemisphere. And then the continent took them and turned them red, just as it had already changed the florid Englishman's children sallow, and just as surely as, in the course of time, it will turn the sallow American's children the color of Piute.

It has been shown that such a route would be comparatively short and easy for a primitive people. It combines the advantages of land and water travel. In taking it these

prehistoric voyagers were unconsciously practicing "great circle sailing," the triumph of modern navigation and the method affording the greatest economy of labor and time, though probably they were not in a hurry. The hypothesis receives strong analogical support in a yearly journey of a tribe of British Columbian Indians after food 500 miles southward to Puget Sound. It becomes almost irresistible when we learn of tribes living on tributaries of the Yukon, who speak a language resembling some of the dialects of Mexico.

Fascinating as the hypothesis is, however, it is impossible to believe that it describes the only method by which the western continent was populated. We have strong *à priori* grounds for thinking that it was assisted by a marine migration of similar origin but different character. This was the drifting of boat-loads of people across the Pacific, an involuntary and haphazard movement terribly suggestive of the wealth of human life that has been wasted in the sea.

The idea that the Pacific was too broad to permit of journeys across it by savages has been pretty well dissipated by records of modern involuntary voyages of tremendous length. It is as probable that the early American population received accretions in this way from the Marquesas, the Hawaiian or other eastern groups as it is certain that these islands were similarly stocked from others farther westward. The case in favor of the latter proposition may be considered clearly made out.

In the tropical Pacific the prevailing trade winds blow toward the west. From May to October, however, the simoom from the Indian Ocean is apt to blow northwestward, and during part of the winter, gales blow east that might easily catch a canoe-load of islanders and force them out of their course into the unknown ocean. In addition to the



Maurer photo, San Francisco.

Chinese Lily.

risks arising from inter-island commerce, it was an ancient custom among these people for a vanquished chief to take to the sea with his followers in order to escape the vengeance of the conqueror. Such an expedition might be well victualled in anticipation of defeat, accompanied by women, and supplied with pigs, dogs, and other rude necessities of colonization. Of these unfortunates, driven to sea by enemies or blown by adverse winds, some would reach land. There are well-authenticated records of such voyages in modern times, one of 600 miles and another of 1,500, with innumerable shorter ones.

The inhabitants of Polynesia speak different dialects of the same language, and in that language are preserved the philological traces of their wanderings. The parent stem of most of these dialects is found in Samoa, which thus appears to have been the distributing point for most of the Polynesian tribes, as it is to-day the *entrepot* of Polynesian trade. The Tongan Islands formed another and smaller distributing point. As long ago as 1846, Horatio Haley, philologist of the famous exploring expedition under Charles Wilkes, U. S. N., called attention to the fact that the name of the largest island of the Samoans, Savaii, was the name of the largest of the Sandwich Island group, Hawaii, after it had suffered the changes that would naturally befall it in passing through some of the Polynesian dialects. He traced tentatively the common origin of most of the Polynesians to Buoro, or Booro, in the Malaysian archipelago. Anciently both China and Japan carried on extensive commerce with the Philippines; and there were always Chinese communities in the islands during the Spanish occupation.

In the middle of the seventeenth century one Keuseng, or Koxinga, a Chinese chief that had refused to surrender to the Tar-

tars, invaded Formosa at the head of an army of 100,000 men, attacking and driving out the Dutch. In 1662 he opened correspondence with the Chinese in Manila, and the Spanish governor, fearing treachery, slaughtered 40,000 of them as a hint to the survivors that any more friendly doings with General Koxinga would meet with his displeasure. In the latter half of the seventeen hundreds they were massacred by thousands in Papanga province. But in spite of this Spanish method of dealing with the Chinese question there were 30,000 of them in Manila at the beginning of the century.

They constitute an important part of the

their places with all the tenacity that characterizes the grip their "cousins" have gained in this country. They are thick in the Spice Islands. The British say they are excellent citizens in Borneo. They created Singapore. There were 20,000 of them out of a population of 111,000 in Batavia in 1894. There are said to be over 250,000 of them thriving under the tyrannical government of the Dutch East Indies, most of them with no apparent thought of going home except for burial, contented because their practical business talents and ability to live without luxuries have made them dominant in trade. On their account the



Group of Japanese on Incoming Steamer at Seattle.

Philippine population to-day, often marrying native women and sending their sons to China to be educated. Rosario street, in Manila, is given up to Chinese shops, and many of those who have no capital invested are employed as clerks and *compradores* by merchants of other races.

The Chinaman pervades not only the Philippines but all the islands of the seas from Colombo eastward, wherever trade promises profit. Mr. Bancroft says that the first Europeans at Malacca, Penang, Singapore, and all the important island ports of Eastern Asia and Oceania found Chinamen there before them. They have generally clung to

Australian gold diggings have had their race riots, and the Australian colonies their exclusive legislation in defiance of the diplomacy of the London Government. Chinese merchants have invaded Japan, where they compete successfully with the European trader. All over the Eastern seas the "union" of Chinese *compradores* has held commerce in the hollow of its hand, and its law has been the most terrible that could be invoked to punish or to ruin the western merchant that tried to do business without them.

After "Lord Palmerston's wretched little opium war" Hongkong became the head-

quarters for a great Chinese coolie traffic. At first it was carried on mainly with Singapore, Peru and the West Indies, later it extended pretty well over the Occidental world. Chinese were in demand in Peru and elsewhere in South America, and tens of thousands were shipped to Cuba because they could do the half-skilled labor needed there cheaper than slaves.

The Chinese form a large and important element of the population of the Hawaiian Islands. The first arrived nearly seventy years ago. Immigration of any importance did not set in till the later thirties or early forties; and it was not until the rise of the sugar and rice industries, about thirty years back, that the distinctive labor element began to appear. They have readily assimilated with the heterogeneous population of Hawaii, in whose communities they occupy as

a class a rather high social status. The early comers married native women, became citizens and reared families. In May, 1899, it is estimated that there were 24,000 in the islands. They support churches, joss houses, theatres and kindergartens. They maintain clubs for social intercourse, and societies for charitable purposes. Both exert a considerable influence on public opinion. Their fine homes are everywhere. Their business houses abound in Honolulu. Their children constitute over ten per cent. of all those born of foreign parents in Hawaii, and 92.48 per cent. of those of the school age attend the public schools in which there are twelve Chinese teachers. Over 48 per cent. of the Chinese in Hawaii can read and write Hawaiian or English or both. The rice trade is largely in their hands, and they are gradually getting hold of the taro industry. In 1897 the Hawaiian government issued 1,623 business licenses to Chinese.

The Chinese arrived in the United States pretty early in its history. The first American vessel to reach China sailed from Salem in 1786, and a lucrative trade sprang up which brought some immigration in its train. It was California that attracted the Asiatics in numbers, however, and they came eastward in three great waves; the first caused by the discovery of gold in 1848, the second by the building of the Panama railroad, a consequence of that discovery in 1852, and the third by the demand for labor in the construction of the Central Union Pacific Railroad beginning in 1865. Almost all came from the single province of Kwang Tung, corrupted in English to Canton.

In Kwang Tung, California was known as the Golden Mountains, and among a people dwelling poor for centuries in an overcrowded land the magic of the name must have made about the same impression that was made on Englishmen of Raleigh's day by the stories of El Dorado, the happy monarch who was so wealthy he had nothing to do but sit in his palace all day gowned from head to foot in balsam and gold.

The influx began almost instantly. In fact, some started ahead of the discovery. The first Chinese immigrants to California, two men and a woman, arrived on the brig *Eagle* from Hongkong in February, 1848. Next month four more arrived. By January 1, 1851, there were 4,018 men and seven women. By January 1, 1852, the numbers had increased to 7,528.



*Rushnell photo, San Francisco.*

Hon. Ho Yow, Chinese Consul General to the United States.



The original 200,000 husky young men or thereabouts who "came out to the mines" from the eastern and southern states were not greatly alarmed by the presence of the Chinese and hardly thought of resenting it, except when one of the yellow strangers was caught robbing a sluice box or losing a shirt. The diggings needed laundries, and the Chinese miner who patiently worked the abandoned tailings of a low grade mine was hardly looked upon as a formidable competitor by men who were after bonanzas. Governor McDougall, in a message, referred to the Chinese as the "most desirable of our adopted citizens."

It was easier for an emigrant to reach California from China than from Europe. Moreover, it cost only about a fifth or a fourth as much, and the "Six Companies," originating in the Hongkong coolie traffic, would advance the money, help find employment and assure burial in the home country if the immigrant died abroad.

The arrival of more than 40,000 Chinese in a period of three years, from '52 to

'54 inclusive, caused some disaffection among the laboring classes. But the laboring class as distinct from the mining class was not numerically important, and in 1862 the Legislature congratulated the state on the Chinese accessions and recommended that means be adopted to induce more to

come. In the same year Governor Leland Stanford gave utterance to sentiments favoring exclusion, but the only response from Washington was the ratification of the Burlingame Treaty in 1869, which was followed by increased immigration.

By this time the industrial condition of



*Bushnell photo, San Francisco.*

The Shrine of the Buddhist Church in San Francisco.

the state had changed so that the people began to take alarm at "Chinese cheap labor." Local and state authorities took a hand and harassed the Asiatics with "queue ordinances," "basket ordinances," landing and capitation taxes and "cubic air laws." When it was found that the state could not

exclude aliens, petitions for relief began to be poured in on Congress.

The army of Chinese imported to work on the overland railways was paid at the rate of \$31 a month and boarded itself. White laborers received \$45 and found. The completion of the railways set free about 15,000 Chinamen, who swarmed into the cities, looking for work and underbidding the whites.

In 1870 about one hundred were taken to North Adams, Massachusetts, to supplant striking shoe factory operatives. The labor Reform and Democratic parties of the state were immediately up in arms about it, and the agitation was assisted by such men as Senator Wilson, Wendell Phillips, General Grant, James A. Garfield and John Quincy Adams. In '76 it got into the platforms of both national parties. In 1880 a treaty was negotiated with China declaring the right of the United States to regulate, limit or suspend the coming or residence of Chinese laborers. In 1882 was begun the enactment of those famous exclusion laws whose main result has been to add more office holders to the civil list and to divert the lucrative business of bringing in Chinese immigrants from ocean steamship owners to the Canadian Pacific Railway.

It is impossible to state and useless to try to guess how many Chinamen are now in this country. Mr. Scharf, late United States Chinese Inspector, at the port of New York, thinks there may be 700,000, but the estimate seems too high. The census does not and cannot afford any reliable data; you might as well try to take a census of the fleas. Custom house statistics are worthless except to show that every exclusion law passed has stimulated immigration. They cannot take account of the thousands smuggled in along the 5,280 miles of Mexican and Canadian border and along the Gulf Coast. The Canadian Pacific Railway is said to bring in from three to five thousand annually in bond, the company agreeing to pay the Dominion Government the \$50 capitation tax for every one that has not left the country within a stated time. The inspectors cannot tally those. All we can be sure of in regard to the number of Chinese here is that it is very large, and that it is constantly increasing. Beyond that one guess is as good as another.

An early complaint against the Chinaman was that he did not bring his family and did not mean to remain here. Of late there are evidences that he is growing contented

here, as he is in the Dutch dependencies, and that occasionally he looks upon this country as his home. Our largest Chinese community, San Francisco's Chinatown, contains anywhere from 15,000 to 40,000 Chinese, according to the bias of the person guessing, and is noticeably taking on an appearance of greater permanence. When the local papers began recently to talk of moving it, which they do whenever the editors' fertile brains run out of other "sensations," it was brought to the attention of the movers that a number of mercantile houses in Chinatown had each millions of dollars invested, and that it would be as sensible to talk of moving half the retail and banking business of San Francisco.

Nor can it longer be said that all the Chinese women among us are here for immoral purposes. A great many Chinamen have brought their wives and are raising their families here. From the rear of the laundry can sometime be heard the prattle of the Chinese infant. There are Chinese schools for Chinese children. There is a Chinese dentist on Sacramento street who has an upright piano in his parlor on which his wife plays Sousa marches. And more significant still, there is a Chinese photographer who testifies that the fear of a camera is growing less among his countrymen every day. When a Chinese woman plays an upright piano and a Chinese photographer can do a good business among his "cousins," they are rapidly getting out of joint with the old order. They have migrated in the true sense. If they retain a liking for burial in Asiatic soil it is nothing to the point. In a western view, going home dead is as good as not going home at all.

The volume of the overflow from the Chinese empire is, of course, beyond satisfactory calculation. Kong Yeu Wei puts the number of Chinamen now living abroad at 5,000,000. What other country on the globe could lose 5,000,000 subjects in the period of a single lifetime and not feel that it had suffered a tremendous depletion of its wealth and power?

Although the movement of the Japanese eastward is newer and far less numerically, it is already attracting its share of attention, and the islanders seem destined to inherit a part of the antipathy stirred up by their neighbors from the continent. The voice of labor has been raised against them, and the President has been sending commissioners to the Pacific Coast to investigate the effect of their presence on wages.

The population of Japan has increased twenty-five per cent. in the last twenty-two years, or while England's population was increasing seven. The government is anxious to colonize its people abroad, but has never favored doing it by the coolie labor system. The first considerable eastward movement of Japanese, however, was somewhat of that character.

After the ratification of the reciprocity treaty between Hawaii and the United States in 1875, the sugar industry in "the islands" began to boom, and there was a sharp demand for labor which the government was glad to help supply by assisting contract immigration. Some Polynesians and a great many Portuguese were imported, but the cost of getting Portuguese was very great, sometimes running as high as \$400 each. Whereas, it was discovered that laborers could be brought from Japan at a total cost of eighty-seven dollars, sixty of which they returned.

The immigration of the Japanese began in 1886, when a treaty was solicited from the Japanese Government recognizing the right of such importation. In that year 1,152 men and 252 women were taken over. In 1890 there were 12,360 Japanese in Hawaii; in 1896 there were 22,329, and in May of 1899 a conservative estimate placed the number at 30,000. Exactly how many are there now it is impossible to say. Annexation hastened their coming, in anticipation of the extension of the immigration laws to the new territory, and in his report for last year the Commissioner-General of Immigration said he had received unofficial information of the arrival of 25,000 contract Japanese since July 7, 1898. This would swell the total to too large a figure. Thirty thousand a year ago is probably nearer the truth.

Most of the contracts provided that the passage money should be advanced by the employer and repaid at the rate of one or two dollars a month; that the pay of a laborer should be from \$12 to \$15 a month, with extra pay for overtime, and free house, firewood, medicine and medical attendance in case of sickness that a month should



*Taber photo, San Francisco.*

M. Shiraishi.

The American manager of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha (Oriental Steamship Co.)

consist of twenty-six ten-hour days; that if the man brought his wife she should be employed at from \$7.50 to \$10 a month, and that the laborer should agree to work faithfully during the term of his service.

In American eyes the most obnoxious feature of this system was the law whereby an employee "deserting labor," as the violation of this contract was called, could be tried and punished as a criminal, a feature

that has only recently been abolished under American rule.

Of late, Japanese labor in the islands is assuming a phase unsatisfactory to the employers. Compared with the placid Chinaman, the Jap is a good deal of an agitator. He is apt to preach discontent, form unions and resort to strikes. This makes him dangerous in the sugar industry, as cane must be cut and crushed promptly when ready or the crop is a loss, and the planters have begun to turn toward the Portuguese again. On the first of July last two of them left Honolulu for New Orleans to enlist negroes.

In 1894 or 1895 several hundred Japanese laborers were imported into the Fiji Islands. The experiment was not a success, as they could not stand the climate.

The acquisition by Japan of Formosa and the Pescadores afforded something of an outlet for population. Some seven or eight years ago Viscount Yenomoto established a Japanese colony in the State of Chiapas, Mexico. The Jap does well in Mexico. The government is glad to have him come, and the two peoples, Mexican and Japanese, seem to have a pronounced temperamental affinity.

The Japanese have also gone in large numbers to British Columbia, where they have been employed in coal mining, arousing strenuous opposition on the part of the white operatives, accompanied by demands on the Dominion government for restrictive laws. It is said that 10,000 have entered British Columbia since the beginning of the year, and those prevented by the American Immigration Acts from entering the United States are underbidding the Chinese in Canada as farm laborers. With the opening of the salmon season it is said that 4,000 swarmed to the Fraser River, where they began to catch salmon for the canneries at prices the white fishermen had agreed not to accept.

Immigration to this country from Japan has brought a higher class with the laborers, and one whose coming is a compliment to our educational system. Education is relatively hard to get in Japan, where wages are so low that a student cannot afford to support himself and go to school, too. But the public schools in San Francisco and the two great universities at Berkeley and Palo Alto are free to them, and ambitious young men of the upper classes have been glad to come to California, where they could work as servants in private households

and hotels while preparing to take their degrees. To such an extent does this practice prevail that two years ago it was estimated that there were 5,000 Japanese seeking education in California alone.

Only about 1,225 were on the whole Pacific Coast in 1890. In the next two years 2,634 arrived at San Francisco, and many more came by way of Victoria and the northern ports. The arrivals in San Francisco were 1,380 in 1893; 1,931 in 1894; 1,150 in 1895; 561 in 1897; 826 in 1898; 1,667 in 1899, and 2,664 for the fiscal year just ended.

We have no Japanese exclusion laws yet, and notwithstanding such outbreaks of popular hostility as have been witnessed recently at Keswick, California, any movement toward enacting them now would probably meet with a good deal of opposition from the California farmers and fruit growers. This season's fruit crop was seriously imperiled by a lack of labor for picking, cutting and packing. The growing of beets for sugar requires a particular sort of hand cultivation that it is hard to get a white man to do, but to which the Jap takes readily. Japanese commerce has invaded the Pacific. There are two Japanese steamship companies operating ships between Japan and ports in this country. Even more significant of the Eastward movement is the establishment in last September of a Buddhist mission in San Francisco under the direction of Japanese, with branch missions in Sacramento, Fresno and Vacaville, California. The mission is in charge of Rev. Shuya Sonoda, Ph.D., of Tokio Imperial University, assisted by Rev. Kakuryo Nishijima. It is said to be under the patronage of the Grand Llama of Tibet and Prince Prisdan Chonsai of Siam. Though the aim is not to proselyte but merely to expound the doctrines of Buddhism and further the conception of the brotherhood of man, there have already been eight American converts to the Buddhist faith.

Enterprising Koreans have been interested principally in Siberia. The Russian Government welcomed them at first, but lately has been taking measures to exclude them. A few have come to this country, and if Russia should remain closed to them, while increased earning power under the stimulus of Western ideas begets the same increase in population as it did in Japan, we could reasonably expect an influx of Koreans.

## LITTLE MUCK

By CHARLES ALDEN BONFILS AND CHARLES LEE BRYSON

THE earliest recollection of Little Muck was a pair of staring eyes. He could not recall any of the circumstances, but it was a disagreeable memory. He could never get it entirely out of mind. When alone at night, and he was much alone, he could see the eyes ever and again. When he looked at the fringe of wild plums that muffled the river Carlos like soft green fur, he saw eyes, furtive yellow ones, in the depths shifting from place to place. Sometimes when he stood up to stretch and look about he saw gray forms gliding stealthily over the shambling hills, and if his eyes had not told him his nose would have, that the stealthy forms were gray wolves; and though he could not see the eyes, he felt them boring hard against his head. He could not feel comfortable again until he had seen the gray forms swallowed up in the night, and the taint had died out of the air.

If his earliest recollection was of a pair of staring eyes, Little Muck's memory since had been stored with a huge assortment of eyes. There was a pair of great, round, inscrutable, bulging, black ones, and he quivered to think of them. They were the eyes of the long-horned, powerful bull, Leader of the Herd—Little Muck's father. Muck remembered that the Leader-Herd came and sniffed at his nose when he, Muck, was a weak little calf and could scarce stand on his heavy, fumbling legs. Though the big, rolling eyes made him shiver and tremble at the time, they were not so terrible as the narrow yellow ones which fled at his father's approach. He often saw the Leader-Herd after that, but he never again looked him in the eye.

Muck's first very unpleasant memory was of a fall morning when going down to the Carlos to water before following his mother out to feed. He smelled a strange odor in the air, that he had never noticed before. His mother stopped drinking, raised her head and gazed toward the east. He turned instinctively in the same direction, the east wind bringing to his nostrils the strange

odor. He heard, too, or felt, a rhythmic beating on the earth. As the low sun rose in immediate glory out of the pure, cloudless east, its first beams fell upon a creature the like of which he had never before seen. Seated astride a horse, in his own thoughts the Hornless Maned One, Little Muck saw what was utterly new to him, a man. The man wore "chaps" of bearskin that quaked and shook in the light breeze that blew from the east. He had on a big soft hat, and a belt around his middle. He smelled strongly of steel and smoke, both foreign odors to the astonished calf. This strange being paused a moment on the brow of the hill, and the wind set his hat back from his face. He sat still and looked about, while the tender first light defined him in amber. As he turned and started to gallop down the swale, the deer-limbed, maned creature seemed to thrust out and move rhythmically up and down with lengthening limbs on a mist of light. Little Muck turned and fled at his mother's side. Experience had taught him to fear most of the animals that he knew. It was discretion that now prompted him to fly from a moving thing which he did not know.

But Little Muck was a poor runner. He could not begin to keep pace with the herd-calves of his own age. Why, he did not know. His legs seemed so short, and he stumbled so easily, and his head grew so heavy. In a stampede the younger and bigger calves one and all ran over him until he was the last in the herd, left far behind until his anxiously lowing mother came back to him. She would lick him over carefully to find out where he was hurt. Usually he was not much injured, and when the mother found it out she gave him a sound lecture to keep up with the herd, and they followed by easy stages. The truth of the matter is that Little Muck was a monstrosity, though he had not discovered it himself, he had no mirror except the eyes of others, and they came later in life.

Now, after running a moderate distance,



which was to Muck a long, long way, he and his mother stopped. The man rode close up at a gallop, holding the reins high in air with his left hand, and the horse seemed to understand it perfectly. Of a sudden the horse stopped of his own accord; and the man, catching sight of Little Muck at the same instant, burst into immoderate laughter. It was the first sound of mirth so expressed that the calf had ever heard, and he wondered at it. He grew to know it well later, and to fear it as he never feared the lash. The man pointed at him with a quirt, and laughed and howled in glee. The calf, following the line of the quirt, saw the man's eyes. They were not like the eyes of any animal, for the corners were white as moonlight, and they sparkled like water. A sudden feeling of fear and anguish came over Little Muck, such a feeling as had never been his in all his life before, and his gaze dropped. He started to run, but was headed off by the pony. He ran to his mother and tried to hide behind her, and hung his head. For the first time in his life he felt that he could not lift his eye to look. That was Little Muck's first feeling of shame, and he found it in a man's eyes. Just another and the most terrible pair that he added to his memory-collection of eyes which ever after seemed to bore into his hide and heart wherever any eyes were.

But his anguish was not to end with one incident. Little Muck and his mother traveled miles and miles that day. The hills and swales seemed ceaseless, and he wondered where all the land was coming from. He had never dreamed that the sun traveled so far, and it seemed to him that he must be going to the sun's watering-place. On the way, too, he met hundreds and hundreds of his own kind. First, all the members of his own band, all of whom he knew. He had thought them all the cattle of the world. He met them on the hills to the west, the farthest place he had ever been. Then his band met other bands further on, strangers to him as he could tell by the smell. They all stared at Little Muck, or seemed to, and those that came close sniffed him cautiously as though he were a different kind of animal, and as he had seen them do a wolf in a trap. One big three-year-old steer, wild as a hawk, would have gored him if Muck's mother had not come to the rescue. Little Muck grew dreadfully tired as the increasing herd kept trampling on and on. He managed to keep in the middle of the bunch for a while, for

he feared the strange creature that had made him ashamed, and thought he might point at him and make that terrible noise again. But as they went mile after mile, and the heat of the day increased, the dust seemed to choke him, and the thumping of horns and the rattle of hoofs confused him. Above all, his legs would waver, and despite his horror of the man on the horse he dropped gradually back to the tail of the herd. He hoped to escape unobserved in the dust raised by the thousands of hoofs. To his dismay, he found that there were four or five of these creatures now, circling about the sides and end of the herd, driving the stragglers and weaker ones into or against the compact body, and keeping the whole moving and hurrying. Weariness and thirst were not the only unpleasant features of the trip. There were more eyes and more shame in store for him. His discoverer and first persecutor rode at the end of the bunch, weaving back and forth. One of the men who had been circling at the sides of the bunch dropped back for a moment, and they jingled along together. In a moment something dreadful happened to Little Muck. Out of the dust in front of him reared a creature on a horse full in his path. Muck started back, and for a moment stood rigid with terror. This creature, too, burst into a roar of laughter, such as had shamed Muck before, rocking back and forth in his saddle in his merriment, pointing and laughing at him. Though tired and hot, this was more than Little Muck could stand. The heart-sick feeling of anguish and fear came back stronger than ever. The calf wanted to hide, he could not tell why, and escape from the sight of those terrible eyes. Tired as he was, he sprang toward the herd with all his remaining strength and beat his way into the mass of tossing horns and rattling hoofs.

The branding was the worst trial of all. Not that Little Muck feared the hot iron that was clapped to his shoulder, nor the smell of smoke, a thin blue curl going up from his own flesh. He saw the other calves treated that way and hoped that when it came his turn the process might kill him. For he knew that he should be pointed at again, and have many, many eyes boring into him. His appearance was the signal for uproarious mirth on the part of the score or more of cowboys in and about the corral. One of these, the owner, said something that Little Muck did not understand, but the men laughed louder than ever, and the man



seemed pleased. Little Muck felt as if he should like to shrink into the sand under his feet, like the hideous little sand toads. Then maybe no one would point him out and laugh at him. When he was thrown on his side and the red-hot iron put to his shoulder, Little Muck closed his eyes very tight to die, but he would not cry out. He lay still, and only his shoulder quivered a little bit. The man who held him said something as he lifted Muck to his feet. Muck did not understand it, but the men stopped laughing. The man had said, "He's a gritty little devil all right." That was Little Muck's first round-up. He never forgot it, nor the eyes, the shame and the cruel fact that he was hideous and misshapen.

A great grief came to Little Muck before the next round-up. There had been, until this time, one creature who had proven an unfailing friend and protector, his mother. She had never looked at him with unkind eyes. The Leader-Herd had sniffed him on the day of his birth when his coat was scarcely dry, and turned away without a sound. That was a formal acceptance into the band. Little Muck had looked at him frankly and innocently, and had thought him the hugest and most magnificent creature in the world. But the leader's eyes frightened him. At the drinking pool when he had attempted to be friendly with the other little calves their mothers had driven him away with disdainful snorts. The big, rangy two-year and three-year-olds had smelled him over when he grew old enough to mingle with the herd, and had left him in scorn never to fraternize with him. His mother's eyes alone had been kind and constant whenever he looked into them. But before the next round-up another calf had come to her side, and Muck had lost the only friend he had ever known.

It was a wonder that Little Muck's temper did not grow sullen and morose. He felt himself an outcast in form, and made himself so, in fact. He had grown into worse and worse deformity as he grew older. His head was as large as that of any steer on the range, and was armed with a pair of long, keen horns. And yet he stood scarcely as tall as a yearling when he was a three-year-old. He bore upon his shoulders an enormous hump, and yet his quarters were thin and shrunken. His body, too, was longer than that of any other steer in the band. The laughing cowboys said he looked like a Dachshund. So Little Muck left the herd when he was but a yearling, and became a

solitary. He went to live by Point of Rocks, where his loneliness was complete. There was a kind of happiness for him in the solitude of the vast volcanic pile. Few steers ever strayed there, and under the huge wall of gray Malpai rock Little Muck loved to lie and dream. The grass grew sweet, though sparse. There were no eyes to look at him. In the evenings he could watch the sunlight die upon the Carlos hills, and the rolling, cantering plains that seemed to gallop off into some happy, unknown land. In the morning, especially in autumn, he would look forth to the east and see the purple tinges of light shooting up from under the earth and the deep yellow clouds, that looked to him like the great trail of sunflowers that wound away across the plain to where the sun bedded at night. The great wall of stone by which he lived was as solitary and lonely as himself.

Three winters passed away, when there came the most terrible time ever known in the life of the herd, weather so terrible that it drove him back to his own kind from sheer misery. The old band by the Carlos accepted him without a look, for great misery was upon them, and it was no time for quarreling. Snowfall after snowfall came, and the sky was pearly gray for days and days together. Then came the catastrophe of the winter. It blew from the northeast, and the fine, tingling snow came down in clouds and swirls. The hills were blotted out, and the sky, one could scarcely see from head to tail. For three days the snow fell and drifted before the terrible gale, and the band of cattle drifted with it. On the second day something awful happened to the greater part of the herd. Muck did not know at the time what was happening, but the herd, what was left of it, from drifting southwest turned from the edge of a great precipice to the west. Muck was in the rear of the herd, and so escaped. As he turned, following the lead of those in front, he heard a terrible noise of snorting, belching and clashing of horns and hoofs. Then he drifted on and heard no more.

When spring came not a third of the band was on foot. The wild winter had spared few, and had spared strangely. On the first warm day they gathered at evening, lonely and disheartened, at the pool, not from any desire to drink, but simply from custom. Muck was there, thin, haggard, starved. How he had lived through the winter he did not know, and he cared as little. Half a dozen big, rough, bony steers stood near. Last fall

they had been sleek and fat and strong. Now their ribs stood out like prison bars, and their hip bones like huge, sharp bolts covered with rawhide. Their stumpy tails hung stiff and shriveled, frozen off in that terrible winter. The pride of the herd was gone. The big black Leader-Herd did not come to the pool, and yet a spectral little calf, the third that had run at Muck's mother's flank since he went to live at Point of Rocks, stood close to Muck's nose. The winter had indeed spared strangely, and Muck was now leader of the herd.

Misfortunes seldom come singly to animals. The injured must stand accident, starve and fight his enemies that rise up around him from every stone like dragons from his own blood. From the hills came a sound more desolate than all the shrieks of winter. A steer that was drinking lifted his head to listen, and the water dripping from his mouth sounded in the deathly silence as loud as the stumbling of boulders down hill during the spring rains. The cattle knew and dreaded that lonely, heart-chilling cry. It meant death to more than one of the band. There was little to be done beyond waiting. They knew that ere long the cry would be repeated and answered from hill to hill; that later the calls would cease, and out of the cañon would pour at a gallop a cloud of gray, moving as swiftly and stealthily as the moon through scurrying clouds. Experience had taught them that it was of no avail to flee these lank murderers. And so Muck—once the Little Muck of the old Carlos band, now the oldest and most masterful, and therefore leader—Muck formed his gaunt, pitiful little band into a circle, heads and horns out, and waited. They all knew that their legs and great ham strings must be protected at any cost. Thus the wolves found them when they came galloping down the cattle trail. Muck stood full in the path to meet the enemy. Against him shouldered two young, terrified steers, their eyes bulging out of their heads with fright. The wolf leader charged Muck, and barely escaped being impaled on the long, keen horns, for Muck was old at this kind of warfare. But the leader of the wolf gang was cunning. He saw nothing but boldness in Muck's eyes, who fought in silence, watchful, careful and fearless. But the two young steers, one on either side of him, quivered to their knees, and snorted at each charge the wolves made to break the circle. The great wolf leader drew to one side of his band and watched from a moonlit rise, studded with Spanish

bayonet. The next charge the leader made was at one of the young and terrified steers. The two-year-old stood until the narrow yellow eyes were gleaming into his own and blinding him, and the great white fangs almost near enough to snap his nose. Then, with a wild bellow of fright, he tossed high his head, threw his weight backward, and in an instant the circle was burst into its individual parts and flying over the plain in panic. Muck fled, driving before him the little calf their mother had left as a heritage to him when she perished in that awful winter. He ran in the direction of the rocks where so many of his solitary days had been passed, and where he knew there was a sharp angle which he could defend from any number of wolves. He had barely time to wheel into the angle of the rocks, crowding the terrified calf in behind him, when a strong young wolf was upon him. There was a cat-like spring, two wide jaws clashed together like the jaws of a steel trap, and a great piece of flesh was torn from Muck's flank. Then he turned at bay, and at the wolf's next spring a feeling of deep satisfaction came to Muck through the tip of his right horn as he sent the bloodthirsty young cub whirling and writhing in the dust, and the evil light died out of his fallow, slit-like eyes. Then others came, peering furtively at Muck, trying vainly to get past him to the frightened calf behind him, trying as vainly to pass his guard and attack Muck himself from the flank or rear. With lowered head and menacing horns he followed every move, met every rush, and more than once brought a yelp of pain from one who, more venturesome than the rest, sought to strike him with panic by a sudden charge. Then they sat in a semicircle before him, watching ever for an opening, goading him to madness with their persistence. Day came, and night again, but never a moment of respite for Muck. The silent, relentless foe was ever just beyond his horn tips, waiting for exhaustion to do its work with him. The little calf behind him was strangely silent and motionless, but there was never a second when Muck might turn and touch or smell him to learn if all was well. The second night passed and another day dawned, and Muck's heart sank, for he beheld a sure harbinger of death. On the ground before him floated a shadow here and there, moving about in irregular ellipses, sometimes receding, but never going far, and always returning. Another and yet another shadow came and circled and hovered about. Muck needed

not to glance upward, even if there had been time for it. He knew.

Out of the haze of a steel-cold sky  
Oozes a coward blot,  
Sulkily floats from afar to spy  
With hyena scent and red, leering eye,  
Skulking aloft till the brave heart die,  
Bidding the soul hope not.

Sick grows the heart. See the foul blot grow  
Into a loathsome bird!  
Never again shall the sweet south blow,  
The rank grass wave nor the clear stream flow:  
Death wheels in the shadows the vultures throw,  
Watching the wolf-girt herd.

The heart of Ramon was glad within him; it was the beginning of the spring round-up. For many months Ramon had not been in the saddle. He had spent the winter by the "quarters" fire, and during the half-dozen times he had ridden the round of the fences the wind had been so persistently bitter and cold that he had devoutly wished himself back by the fire.

But all things pass with time, even winters. And on this warm spring day the memory of the terrible winter, the most terrible ever known in the country, was with Ramon only a black blot, fast receding into remote yesterdays. Cowboys do not remember troubles very long; more particularly those of other people. Though many a ranch and cattle owner saw nothing in this spring round-up but the definite determination of their decimating losses, Ramon was happy. All his cattle, one lone steer, had been disposed of at good market value at the close of the previous round-up; the proceeds and all his summer's wages had gone at Vegas in a month of monte and carousing. This morning a lark bunting was singing high in the heavens and tobogganing down air slants at frightful speed, to rise again as he shot past the blossoming earth, higher than before and pouring forth a flood of ecstasy. White larkspur, and yellow and purple cactus were in bloom; the wind blew fresh and free. Ramon felt his pony's sides strain between his knees, and he was happy. As he turned into Lost Creek cañon he saw a flash of gray disappear behind an angle of the cañon wall a hundred yards or so ahead. His horse stopped with a snort, and Ramon's right hand dropped to his pistol butt. It was the first thing to recall the long and cruel winter. The gray wolf. A flood of anger swept over Ramon. The horse started forward, urged by half an inch of steel rowel in each flank. At the crack of Ramon's pistol the wolf whirled like a flash and bit himself in

the flank, sprang forward again and in a moment was out of sight among the boulders and jack-pines.

Muck was still on guard. His crooked, deformed forelegs were braced far apart, an unmistakable sign of exhaustion. His ponderous head hung low, the nose torn and bloody. But his great dark eyes were still full of fight, desperation, and—death. The fight died out of them as Ramon rode up, and Muck heaved a long sigh, drew his clumsy forelegs together again, and stood at attention.

It was a long, long journey to the ranch house corral, and a slow one. It took Muck but one glance, and the unfailing test of his nose, to determine that the stiff, bony little bundle of red-and-white in the angle of the rocks behind him, was lifeless. Then he turned, in obedience to the position the pony had taken, and stumbled wearily down the cañon without a sound, drawing himself together, and game to the last.

The pony followed quietly, though Ramon knew that there were better steers and many on the range that he should have rounded up and started toward the corral. Without a thought of them, he rode, for it seemed that he had been guided to Muck. It was evening when Muck stalked into the corral like a thing in a dream, his eyes set—the corral where he had been branded years before. For he had been driven tenderly and kindly by pony and man, or, rather, they had followed him as he willed. Often Muck had stopped on the journey, but he would not lie down. He would stand braced and motionless until able to go farther, and then he would stagger on. And at every pause Ramon had thought with infinite satisfaction of the way the gray wolf had whirled at the crack of his "45," and had taken a mouthful of his own flesh. When Muck's owner heard the story from Ramon, of the circle of wolf tracks round the angle in the rocks, of the fleeing wolves, of the dead wolf lying nearby, of the brave Muck still at bay, and the dead calf in the angle of rock behind him, the expression of his face softened, and he said no more about "spending the whole day rounding up a damn little runt."  
"Put him in the big box stall, Ramon," said he, "and bed him well. Give him some warm chop and plenty of hay, and when he is all right turn him into the west pasture. We'll make a pet of him."

But Muck never became a pet, never knew the joys of the west pasture. The warm chop was brought him, and water, and hay,

but he would neither eat nor drink. His stall was littered deep with fresh, clean straw, but when Ramon closed the door Muck was still standing. Who will say that it was not the bursting of a hero heart, though covered with the hide of a beast, horned and hoofed?

When Ramon threw the stall door open in the early morning and let in the first beams of the sun, and the free breath of the plains blowing from the purple cactus blossoms and

the nodding white wild poppy, Muck was lying on his side, stiff and cold.

During the night there had been great turmoil among the housedogs, and one of the riders thought he saw a gray form disappear over a nearby rise as he turned the corner of the corral. He showed the tracks to Ramon; they were tracks of a wolf. Little Muck's stout warrior heart, hunted to the last, had burst within him.

## WITCHES AND WIZARDS OF TO-DAY

By HARVEY SUTHERLAND

WHAT follows is of necessity so largely a record of personal experience that pardon is asked and expected for the frequent occurrence of the capital "I." When I began to collect material for it I anticipated nothing more than an exhibition of the silly but harmless credulity of my fellow-mortals, men and women, and especially women, and its clumsy gratification by fortune-tellers. When I had ended, I had become convinced that the persecution of witches, generally regarded as a blot upon civilization, was a wholesome thing. The methods of punishment might have been cruel, but all punishment then was intended to be unpleasant. If Cotton Mather's victims were anything like the soothsayers of to-day they deserved all they got. If a few innocent people were hanged—nobody was ever burned for a witch by process of law in this country, though everybody seems determined to believe so—why, then, innocent men have been hanged for murder. Anyhow, we have other things to worry about than the miscarriage of justice in the seventeenth century. There's next month's rent, for one thing.

If I had room to describe all my experiences with these modern witches and wizards, I should like to tell you about the amiable old fraud that cast my horoscope. He has been to state's prison for swindling, but he advertises in the Sunday papers just the same as usual, and his office is full of people whose dollars burn in their pockets. I should like to describe the doctor with three framed diplomas, two medical books and a half pint of pills, that went into a trance

for me hardly distinguishable from the early stages of a fit. His wrist shook like a fiddler's playing Schubert's "Serenade," and his eyes rolled up till they looked like hard-boiled eggs with the shells off. I should like to tell about the "psychic medium" that did a little miracle for me in the way of reading the answers to my questions through the envelope in which they were sealed. I could explain how he gave me a dummy to hold while he opened the real envelope under cover of washing his hands. I should like to tell how wrong in every particular was the lady that read my palm by the light of pure science. "No fortune-telling about it, oh, dear, no." I should like to tell about the "true and reliable fortune-tellers" that ran the cards for me, and saw trouble from a dark man and luck in the lottery with the number 8, or 800 or 8,000, and how there was money coming to me in a letter from across the water. (It has to come to me that way or I could not pay the grocer, for I live in Brooklyn, and Brooklyn is on Long Island, and my little girl has just come home from school with the information that an island is a body of land completely surrounded by water. I had suspected as much.)

The tin plate on Mme. R.'s door said that she was a clairvoyant, but she confided in me that she "chust hatta gif dat ub. Der doctor sayt dat if she keeb on she go gracy." So she tells fortunes with gypsy cards, a beautiful pack with cabalistic characters, as well as pictures on them. These characters look as if they meant a lot, but they don't in any language that I ever saw. The pictures represent a beautiful young

lady in a red frock, with hair of the same hue, a railroad train, evidently made in Germany, a full-rigged ship, an anchor, a broken mirror, a coffin with floral trimmings and a lot of other miscellaneous junk. The beautiful young lady with red hair I showed an intense desire to get.

"She's a young laty what don't say much, but when she makes up her mind it takes a good deal to chainch her. She's a nize young laty, bot I don't like dot oder girl dere, dot pleck one. She makes droobles for you. She been tellin' your young laty dings 'boud you. You want loog out for her. Chust you geeb dings to yourself."

"But will I get this one I'm in love with?"

"Oh, sure! It's got to be. It stands in de garts dot way. Bot not right away off. It looks like to me dey was a chourney for you in a drain an' money comin' in a ledder. Yes, you must hang on. Look, dere stands de anchor. Seem like dey was a death first."

"In her family or mine?"

"I tell you dat. Cut 'em vit your left hand. In her family. Sure yes. It looks like money."

"You think that her unc—that he will leave her his fortune?"

"Oh, sure. It stands in de garts 'dat way. Her uncle will die and leave her all his money, and you will get married, look like 'long 'boud Easter. Now, chust look once. Most anybody would 'a'sayt dat you was a married man. You're old enough to be—you excuse me for sayin' dat—but I knowed you wasn't. It stands in de garts dat you're a single man. Why, dey come here, vimmens does, wit deir wedding rinks in deir bockets or dey borrows wedding rinks. Dey dries to fool me. Well, dey fool me, bot dey can't fool de garts. Nuss, sir. Now, make a wish. Cut de garts in dree piles vit your left hand. Yes, you get your wish if you loog out. Now, if you want dat girl right bad, I tell you sawnting. You get a 'lectric caul and wear it so close to your heart what you can get it in your insite west bocket. I don't like to sell 'em to de chentlemens because dey can always get a wife. I don't care how ogly dey been, oder how poor, alwas dey can get 'em a wife. Bot a laty, dat's different. She can't esk de mens to have her. She sooner die first. So, if a laty gets a 'lectric caul for a chentlemens, dat's all right. He gotta come to her. He can't helb himself. Bot I don't like to sell 'em to a chentlemens. Bot I know dat you're all right, an' you only use it vit dis young laty what you

are in love vit. Dis is de 'lectric caul." She showed me a little green silk bag about an inch long and three-quarters of an inch wide, packed full of something. "Now you gotta feed it every week. I gif you a powder to sprinkle on it. Dot feets it. I got a chentlemens dat's on one of de ships. So soon what de ship comes in every time he comes right to see me and he say dat since he got dat 'lectric caul from me he chust has noddin bot good luck. Huh? It's got 'lectricity in it. Oh, sure. Huh? Only fife tollars. Oh, well, you tink 'boud it now. Next time I bet you want it."

This little, dried-up, garrulous old woman, with a wintry glow on her withered cheeks, has been a seer from her youth up. She has always had the power to look into the future and to discover the secrets of the heart. How could she guess that I was a single man? Everybody else supposes I am married. Even my wife thinks so, but you can't fool Mme. R. "It stands in de garts" that I am single. There must be something in it. I wonder who that girl is that I am going to marry next Easter, the one with the rich uncle. Mme. R. was for charging me \$2, and we had quite an argument about it. She finally came down to a dollar.

"Dey want too moch for deir money dese days," she sighed; "it ain't like it used to be."

The real thing must be the gypsies. Everybody knows that when seventh sons of seventh sons fail, the gypsies succeed, so I went to see Mme. Stanley (good old Romany name, that) in her tent in a vacant lot near where I live. She has been on that lot for ten years, she told me, and the geraniums growing in flower beds seemed to show it. The tents had floors covered with oil cloth, and there were shining stoves and lamps with crepe paper shades, and the bed was a big, double thing, with a carved headboard and a silkoline valence around it. Mme. Stanley was a pretty, plump, dark-eyed matron, with as fine a set of teeth (natural) as ever grew in a woman's head.

"Give me your left hand," said she. "I see a long life and prosperity before you, and though you 'as henemies 'ere and there—do you understand?—still, you 'as a many friends. You are a man as keeps a close mouth; but what you do say comes from the 'eart. You are a person as 'as seen a deal o' trouble—do you understand?—but the worst is hover now and in the 'ear 1900 you will be prosperous and 'appy. Do you understand? There is them that ought to be near



and dear to you which is a-makin' trouble for you, do you understand?" I dropped my head and sighed. Thus encouraged, she proceeded: "All is not 'appy at 'ome, do you understand?" Alas! I understood but too well, and sadly wagged my head. "You are of a trustin' nature, but rather of a jealous disposition. Am I right?" I nodded. "You think a deal o' your wife, but it seems like here as if you don't like the way she 'as ben a-actin' in the past 'ear." True, true. "You 'ave a-putt up with a many things as you never thought you'd 'ave to 'ave a-putt up with, do you understand?"

Now, how did the gypsy know that? There must be something in it. Many's the time I've told my wife to let my hairbrush alone, and the first thing I know there are long hairs on it again. If I'd known that before I married her—

"She ain't what she should be as a 'ouse-keeper." I assumed a contradictory air. "Not but what she ain't a good cook an' clean an' all that, but she ain't a good manager with the money, do you understand?"

Ah, well did I! Just as fast as the money comes in she goes and fritters it away on savings banks, and rent, and grocers' bills, or shoes for the baby, or some such folderol, instead of letting me have it for real necessities. There was a lovely meerschäum cigarette holder, but—

"'As she ben away from 'ome lately?" Down to the gas office. "She 'as? Yes. I can see it 'ere. Well, sir, I'll say this, that your suspicions is unfounded, though they is a dark man that comes to the 'ouse that you don't like, that you must look out for, do you understand?" Aha! the colored janitor. "I could give you something that will reunite you and make life 'appy if you was willin' to spend a little money, sir."

"How much?"

"Well, sir, five dollars."

"I'll think it over and come again."

"Wen could you come again?"

"Say Thursday."

"You 'ave a deal to do with sickness, sir, and medicines."

With an embarrassed and guilty smile, I asked: "How did you guess that?"

"I didn't guess it, sir," she answered, with grave dignity. "It's in your 'and as plain as anything. Put a dollar on your 'and and make a wish. Oh, no, sir, it don't need to be silver. 'Ave you wished? Oona, cora, edra, tittera," said she, making four dots as she repeated the mystical words, which are simply "one, two and three," in Rom-

many. "Now your wish was for prosperity, wasn't it, sir? It will come true. Is there much sickness now, doctor?"

I was a little taken aback, but I made shift to answer: "Oh, the usual seasonal complaints."

"Much dip-thery?"

I thought not, at least, not in my practice. Her little boy had been ill with it, and the doctors had put "toxin" into him. What did I think of it? I hope I passed a good examination in the treatment of diphtheria. I discoursed learnedly on the pathological efficacy of the trillionth trituration of *hydrargyrum corrosivum*, and the danger of *colocynthis* corpuscles. I am not sure that she understood all of it. I fear that I am not quite clear about it myself.

From what she and Mme. R. had said about love charms and a chance remark that she dropped about "overlooking" enemies, I was prompted to change the little comedy drama of the home to a regular out-and-out tragedy. With it on my heart, I visited the lineal descendant of Pocahontas. I found her sitting in a basement, with lace curtains pinned on the whitewashed brick wall, and her fingers cold as ice, but not from dabbling in water, if one might go by the looks of them. She wore a red velvet hood, with soiled chenille embroidery on it, about half a yard of rusty black net over that, with little bells tied to the four corners, a bunch of tricolor ribbon at the lapel of her jacket, and a dangling star with bronze powder on it. The wad of curls that stuck out from each side of her hood irresistibly suggested: "These fetching ringlets only \$1.65."

I nervously told her how I loved one woman and was married to another; that I wanted something that would make the girl I loved mine forever, and, and—and—was there anything in this that I had heard about putting a charm on people so that they would get sick and pine away?

"Oh, yase," she said, "they aw such a thing as 'black magic.' Yase, indeed. You take, now, a image of a person you want to make sick and stick a spike into its laig, faw instance, and she taken raht doan sick to huh baid, and the doctahs, naw nobody, cain't tell what's the matter aw cyo' huh. But Ah cain't do that. Ah could, but Ah'm too conscious. Yase, sah, Ah'm too conscious. You say you don't want a divo'ce, and you cain't get one from you' wife, why don't you go and live in Jersey? Just take a room thah, and go thah ev'y week, and



have you' washin' done thah, and aftah two yea's you get you' divo'ce without goin' into the cotes at all. Whah, Ah *know* that's so. Ah got a client now that's doin' that ve'y thing. Yase, sah. Of cose Ah don't advaz you to dezut you wife, but it seem lak you goin' to be happy with this othah lady. Ah tell you what Ah *can* do. Ah can give you something to make this othah lady love you so that she caint be happy without you, and that will make your wife hate you so she caint stand it to be near you. But, anyways, Ah *know* that you can get the divo'ce without goin' into cote at all, just by dezuttin' you wife. This that Ah can give you to make the othah lady love you is a little expensive. It costs eighty cents a ounce, and you take as many ounces as you ah yehs old and bu'n it and take the ashes and mix it with ten or fifteen cents' worth of alcohol, and rub it ovah you' heart eve'y day faw a month, and she will love you and follow aftah you. It costs eighty cents a ounce. It's an impo'ted awticle."

"What good will it do me to have M. E. in love with me if I'm not free from that woman?"

"Well, you' wife maht get the divo'ce if you don't want to."

When you come to think out exactly what that means in the state of New York, where divorces are allowed only for the Scriptural cause, you get a sort of an idea that perhaps the church was not so far out of the way in forbidding her children to have anything to do with fortune-tellers. There is a certain cold-blooded devilry, too, in suggesting to a man that he had better desert his wife. Perhaps if I had come back with the money for the "impo'ted awticle" of a love charm and thus shown myself to be a dupe as well as a rogue, she might have been willing to try a little black magic. And since I am supposing that she was no better than others of her craft, I might have arranged it with her to have M. E. call upon her. She would then have seen a marriage with a man resembling myself in every particular, but whom M. E. was likely to lose if she were — Well, if she were too prudish. If M. E. believed the fortune-teller — and many fool girls have — there would be another one of those tragedies that we try to hope does not happen very often. Perhaps the high-born lady would have been "too conscious" for that, too. If so, there are plenty of others with no objections, the one in Sixteenth street, for instance.

She is a lady with a past and a prosper-

ous present. She makes about \$200 a week from the exercise of her arts. She had prints of palms all over her room, but I did not ask her for a reading, because I had in my pocket a type-written copy of the same "spiel" that she uses. She got it from a man whom my spirit-controls tell me was once a bootblack, later a page in the United States Senate, and a protégé of a Senator who lived in one state and represented another. He has passed to the summerland now, but my spirit-controls seem to say that he had red hair. The page fell upon evil times, and did a little race track touting and swindling. He got to be doortender for a palmist and obtained a copy of his "spiel." It is very complete in its directions. It begins with: "Good-morning; nice weather we are having. Do you wish a full reading?" and goes on to the end: "Good-morning. Call again." In this "spiel" the client writes his name, parents living, brothers and sisters, and his wish on an ordinary pad whose bottom end is held with a clip. The client tears off the leaf, puts it in his pocket-book, and the soothsayer takes the pad, and is called from the room long enough to read what the carbon paper two sheets below has manifolded. Then the soothsayer comes back and tells what the spirit controls have told, to the great astonishment of the client, who knows he has his original writing in his pocket. The "spiel" doesn't call him a client, though. In the directions it says: "Hand the sucker the pad," etc.

The "spiel" advises that everybody be told that he will live to be fifty-eight years old, so that if "the sucker" comes another time he will find confirmation of his previous reading. There is no danger, it says, of two comparing the readings and discovering that they are identical, because if they had sense enough for that they would not go near the game.

To this lady I went, and if I did not show the signs of deep trouble I must be a very bad actor. I was very nervous, and I came right to business.

"Do you do anything with charms?" I blurted out.

"Oh, yes," smiled she. "Gypsy, come here. She doesn't make friends with everybody like she does with you. Oh, yes, a large part of my life has been spent with Hindoos, and I have made a deep study of what is called 'black magic.' I am the only one in New York that has charms that are sure. The others will take your money and promise to do what they can, but what they

can——” A knowing smile completed the sentence and gave me to understand that their “can” was very much like “can’t.”

“What kind of a charm do you wish?”

“I am very much in love with a certain young woman, and I am pretty sure that she likes me, but she is kind of—you know—kind of—— Well, she is a good-living girl, and careful and all that, and—— I want to be sure, *sure*, you understand, that I will get her. I want to throw herself at me; I want her crazy after me. Do you understand what I mean?”

“Uh-hum,” she said, meditatively nodding her head. “I can give you a charm that will do all that.”

“But,” I went on, “she’s not going to—she’s not going to be *mine*”—long pause—“till there is a legal marriage, and I want a legal marriage. But there are difficulties in the way.”

“What kind of difficulties? I think you had better tell me all the circumstances. My spirit controls would inform me all about it, but that takes time, and so you had better give me the particulars now, and I can tell you what I can do.”

“Well,” said I, with my best attempt at a nervous, fluttered little laugh, “it’s this way: I’m married.”

“O-o-oh, I see,” said the witch. “You want a divorce from her.”

Then I was embarrassed, and fussed with my fingers and looked down. “What I say to you is in the strictest confidence?” I asked tremulously and appealingly. “I do not want a divorce. My people would get to hear of it, and it would break my mother’s heart. Her people are Catholics, and would make a big fuss, and it wouldn’t do. I couldn’t get anything on her, and I would have to let her get the divorce, and—you know how the law is in New York—what I would have to do would upset everything with M. E. Is there anything in these—in these stories about making a wax image of the person and putting a pin through it?”—I looked up significantly. She nodded her head solemnly.

“You have come to the right person,” she said. “There is nobody else possesses the secrets of the Hindoos. You want your wife——”

“I want her—I hardly know how to say it—I want her—removed. My God! things can’t go on this way. Oh, I was a fool ever to marry her! But you know how it is with young fellows—a pretty face—you know—and a devil afterwards.” She sympathized

with me with low, cooing sounds. Poor fellow! yes, she did feel sorry for me.

“Well,” she said, “all this can be done, but—it—it——”

“It costs money!” I burst out. (I really think I did that pretty well.) “Well, I’m not a rich man, but I can get the money. I’ll tell you what. It’s worth five hundred dollars to me to get rid of that woman.”

“Would you prefer to pay the money all in a lump or——”

“I’d sooner pay it in installments. I don’t want to cripple my business.”

“How much could you raise at a time?”

“Well, I could let you have fifty dollars at a clip till it was all paid.”

“Is that the largest sum you could get together?”

I mused. “I could get one hundred dollars by the first of the month.”

“Well, that would be all right. It would cost me a good deal, and then, you understand, there would be a good deal of—of risk. Neither you nor I want to go to the chair for this.”

“Oh, no, oh, no,” I hastened to assure her. “I want this thing sure and safe.”

“It will be safe. How long can you wait?”

“How soon can you get rid of her?”

“Well, if you want it, I can arrange to have it sudden.” She smiled. “But you understand that such things are likely to make talk. How would six months to a year strike you?”

I thought it over and concluded finally that though a man generally wants what he wants right quick, it would be safer to let it be lingering.

“How is your wife’s health? Anything the matter with her now?”

“I don’t believe there is; but after she has her tantrums she makes out that she feels fluttered about the heart.” The witch looked interested and seemed to be planning for the future.

“She looks kind of pale here lately,” I went on; “but when I first married her she had a little color, you know the kind that comes and goes.”

“Yes,” she said. “That’s heart disease. She living with you now?”

“No. She has gone back to her father’s out in Flushing.”

“Prominent people? I mean, are they the kind that would attract attention if anything happened? Are they in society?”

“Oh, no,” I answered. “They’re common folks. He’s a good sort of an old fellow,

Worth about forty or fifty thousand dollars. Thick, honest old mug, tight as bark to a tree. My mother-in-law is one of these old homebodies that know all about keeping house, and all that, but she'd never suspect anything."

"Could you make it up with your wife and get her to come back and live with you? You understand?"

I waited long enough to seem to see the drift of things, and made answer:

"Oh, I think there's no doubt of that if I went at it and ate dirt and tried to smooth things over. Oh, yes, I could get her back. But I wouldn't want to keep her long. (A pause.) But couldn't you do it with the little image?"

"I'd rather not tell how I worked. Anyhow, all you want is to get her removed. Well, now, I tell you. The first thing that has to be done, Saturn must be appeased. I'll take fifty dollars and make an offering of it, seal it up in an envelope and put it away in a dark place where no light can get to it. Then there has to be ceremonies that you wouldn't understand, like incense offered on certain days, and all like that. That offering you can redeem later. I wouldn't touch it for all the money there is in New York. No, sir. I wouldn't dare! Then, after that, the five hundred dollars would be mine, as you paid it in because you see there is considerable—risk. Now, you had better begin as soon as possible, for the longer you delay the harder it will be. When could you have the offering to Saturn?"

I thought by Sunday next. I couldn't leave my business week days.

"Oh, I am open evenings," she said, with an alluring smile. "Could you get the money by Thursday evening?"

Yes, I could, and I would be there Thursday evening at eight o'clock.

"Now, you mustn't mention this to any third party," she warned me, "because then all the charm would be spoiled. Not even to M. E. Understand that plainly?"

"And you won't, either," I begged her. Indeed, she would not. It would be fatal to her business, for if she told any of her clients what another had said, they would immediately begin to wonder whether she did not also blab their secrets.

This all seemed very reasonable, but why did she go around the week before telling the profession about a twenty-five hundred dollar job she had to get rid of an invalid whose wife wants to inherit his money and then marry a certain well-known gambler?

It isn't fair to say that she did, however, for I didn't hear her say so. That is the talk of others, but she did agree with me to ruin M. E. and to make way with my wife. What would have become of the \$50 offered to Saturn I can well guess, but if you ask me if she would have handed over to me slow poison for my wife, I tell you I do not know. It is charitable to hope that she recognized the fact that if paid her the money and my wife continued in rugged health as she now is, thank God, and I complained that my money had been obtained by false pretenses, that I would be in no position to cry out that I had been swindled. But suppose that it came to the point where she would have to kill my wife or lose the \$500, what would she do?

You know as well as I.

So great is the embarrassment of riches that I hardly know what swindle to speak of first. By and large, it may be assumed with safety that there is no form of devilry that is not aided and abetted by fortune-tellers. The fool invites the knave always. I am told that it is a weekly occurrence for people to ask timidly: "Is there a death near me?" The expert soothsayer knows well from that what story of guilty love waits to unburden itself. A wife of a grocer wishes her husband would commit suicide so that she can marry the photographer she fancies now. The paramour comes in and offers the soothsayer \$250 to cast "an evil influence" over the grocer. Suppose he gives the wife a little powdered glass to sprinkle in her husband's food. What doctor will suspect anything? The autopsy will hardly show it.

The evil influence! That is a great money maker. In this "spiel" it is made a strong feature. To every one is said the same thing: "You must have noticed many times in your life that just when success seemed assured something has occurred to mar it either wholly or in part. What has caused this? This terrible evil influence which I see marked in your hand. How many others not possessing half your abilities have you seen go ahead of you? Why? Because they have had the evil influence removed. It can be removed for you." Then the client wants to know how much it will cost. All that he can possibly pay and then a little more. After that the "evil influence" is removed by what Christian Scientists call "absent treatment." Sometimes the client gets a little leaden image of St. Joseph or the Sacred Heart. The images cost about two cents a gross.

I saw a letter from a merchant in Virginia—a well-written and grammatical letter—offering to pay *any* price to have the evil influence removed. For the last two years nothing he had turned his hand to had prospered. I saw a letter from a woman in Little Rock, Arkansas, asking if she could not get a charm that would bring back the man that once courted her. She had been a little too stand-offish with him, and he had stopped calling. Christmas, 1898, he had written to her to say that he was married, and that his wife had made him a Christmas present of a little boy. She wanted something that would make his wife hate him, that would prompt him to get a divorce and marry her. She even named the day when the divorce court sat in Little Rock, and wanted things got to going by then.

Mary R. of Pittsburg is frantic to have a certain man marry her. He makes good money, she says. She is "living out." Hence she cannot spare more than \$5, and please won't the fortune-teller send the answer in a plain envelope, as the folks in the house are kind of curious. In the second letter she promises to send on the twenty dollars the soothsayer demands, but she will have to do it in installments. She will also make a present when she gets the man, for he makes good money.

There are tragedies of soul and body in fortune-telling. The story of one of the craft is something like this: What precedes his arrival in New York you need not be concerned with except that it shows a capable, a learned and a brave man. But New York is a hard city to get a footing in. Sickness came; two pupils in bookkeeping, the only ones he could get, should have paid each his fee of \$25. They didn't. The man and his wife came down to making neckties at eighty cents a gross. One week he reached the high-water mark of \$8.80. They paid \$5 a week for a room and lived on a dollar or so. One day they overheard a man laugh: "I'll have to live on liver for a month to make up for this extravagance." The wife pinched her husband's arm and whispered: "Liver! Strikes me that's pretty luxurious." The landlady said one day: "Mrs. So-and-So, you don't go out often enough for your meals." They had been smuggling loaves of bread and such things into their room. After

that they went out and shivered in the parks with nothing to eat, but staying out long enough to have gone to the restaurant. He knew something of palmistry, and read up more. A saloonkeeper that he knew advanced him the money to furnish up a soothsayer's flat, and now Fortune smiles on the rogue that frowned on the man trying to be honest.

And yet, need he be a rogue? Is there not a legitimate impulse to seek counsel from a stranger, advice as to the conduct of life, and on matters which one does not wish to lay before a lawyer, which do not come within the province of the physician? The priest used to hear such, but it is not absolution that is sought, and, anyhow, a large part of the population of America fears the confessional. Besides, the clergyman is not a man of the world, and takes a view of things which, rightly or wrongly, is not shared by many others. How many there are that would be glad to go to some one and open their grief, and there receive an answer to the question: "What ought I to do?" They do not find any such now that profess to gratify this impulse. All have something to do with the occult, and it is the experience of those who have seen much of life that the occult world, like fallen Babylon, "is become the habitation of devils and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird."

There are cases of conscience that come to a fortune-teller that make the heart ache to hear of. If there were an honest consultant to whom they might come, he could do a vast deal of good and save many from the pit. For to look into fortune-telling is to lean over the pit itself and look in. Says good old John Bunyan: "Then said Mercy to Christiana, her mother, 'Mother, I would, if it might be, see the hole in the hill, or that commonly called the By-way to Hell.' So her mother brake her mind to the shepherds. Then they went to the door; it was on the side of a hill; and they opened it and bid Mercy hearken awhile. . . . Then there was as if the very earth groaned and quaked under the feet of this young woman for fear; so she looked white and came trembling away, saying, 'Blessed be he and she that is delivered from this place!'"

# A MATTER OF TWENTY THOUSAND

By JOE LINCOLN

HIS face had the color and shine of a freshly polished tan leather shoe. His scrubby beard was yellow, with streaks of gray and red in it, like the hide of a white horse that has lain down in a dirty stall. When I found him he was seated on the string-piece of the wharf back of the fish house, in the little Cape Cod town where I was born, and where I spend my vacations. He was chewing tobacco and spitting at a knot-hole with the accuracy of a trained marksman.

"Who told yer I'd seen it?" he asked.

I gave the name of my informant.

"Humph! Told yer 'twas all a dum lie, didn't he?"

This I stoutly denied.

"Humph! Wall, I s'pose yer'll say 'tis yerself, when yer've heerd it. Lemme tell yer this, young feller, there's queerer things in the heavens and airth than gits put down inter g'ographies. I heerd a crazy feller say that once on the stage, but it's good hoss sense jest the same. Wall, as I was goin' ter say—

"'Twas back in eighty—, the year there was so much talk about the sea serpent. The critter had been seen all up and down the coast. Some Pigeon Cove folks see it goin' by Cape Ann, and 'twas seen off the Maine coast two or three times. The papers was full er stuff about it, and P. T. Barnum—he was alive then—he offered twenty thousand dollars reward fer it dead er alive.

"I was on the *Sary J. Wixon* that summer. She was a Welfleet boat, and went coddin' up ter the Banks. There was a Gloucester chap aboard named Berry—Joshaway G. Berry. Everybody called him Josh G., 'cause his dad's name was Joshaway, too. Wall, him and me wa'n't on partic'lar good terms, and we had two er three leetle argyments with handspikes and one thing er 'nother durin' the summer, and that didn't make us any more David and Jonathany. The trouble was 'bout a girl. Her name was Kelly—Marg'ret Kelly—but folks called her Mag, mostly. Her old man run a seaman's bo'din' house on Commercial street in Boston. She was consider'ble gone on me and had promised ter marry me bumby. Wall, would yer b'lieve it, that chromo of a Josh G. had the imperdence ter say she was stuck on him, and that 'twas him she'd promised ter marry. He was a knock-kneed, freckly-faced critter, and any girl that fell in love with him would a-been blind in one eye and couldn't see out er t'other.

"'Twas our last trip up in the fall. The fish had struck on purty good, and we cal'lated ter have wet all our salt purty quick, but there come up the wust sou'easter that ever I see. It come up all ter once and ketched us all out in the dories. 'Twas so thick yer couldn't see nothin', and anchor ropes busted like sewin' cotton. Mine went fust go off, and away flew the dory afore the dory. It kep' me busy bailin', but I



"Marg'ret Kelly."



"Blamed if it wa'n't that Gloucester shrimp."

kep' her toler'ble dry, and that was a good deal ter do, now *I* tell yer. While I was scoopin' out the seas I heerd somebody bellerin' fer help off in the thick some'ers, and I managed ter pull over ter him. He was hangin' on ter a stove dory, and when I come ter haul him in, blamed if it wa'n't that Gloucester shrimp, Josh G.

"Wall, ter make a long story short, him and me drifted round in that dory fer days and days and days. It was perishin' cold, and all we had ter eat was raw codfish; we drunk the rain water off'n our ileskins. The wind kep' blowin' from the sou'east all the time, and the weather kep' jest as thick, but at last it cleared up, and we see we was in sight of land. There wa'n't a sail no-where. The land was a leetle island 'bout two mile long, and the most God-fersaken place ever *I* see. No trees, no nothin' but a few scraggly bushes; all the rest was rocks and ice. We stove the dory all ter thunder gittin' her in, so there we was, prisoners, as yer might say.

"Wall, sir, we put in nigh eight months

on that blessed island and never once see a sign of a sail. We cal'lated we might be some'ers along the Labrador coast, and on clear days we could see what looked ter be the mainland off ter the west'ard. It might as well a-been ten thousand mile off, fer's our gittin' ter it was consarned. The island was the rockiest hole ever was made, I reckon. Looked as if the Almighty had took all the rocks he had left over, after buildin' a hundred mile er coast, and jest chucked 'em together in one mess, as yer might say.

"Over ter the west side was a queer arrangement. A narrer kind er bay, purty nigh like a canal, was gouged right straight inter the island fer, say, the sixteenth of a mile. 'Twas, mebbe, a hunderd yards wide at the mouth, but narrerred down as it went in, till, at the inside end, 'twa'n't more'n a twenty-five foot slit between high cliffs. 'Twas a cur'ous place. Looked as if the island had been red-hot and had split when it was coolin'. At high tide 'twas full er water, but, as the tide went out, a ridge er rocks was left dry acrost the mouth of it like a dam.



This turned it inter a sort er pond, and then, as the tide went out more, this pond sorter dreened away through the cracks and channels in the rocks, till, at low tide, there wa'n't but a leetle water left, and that was between the cliffs at the inside end. Josh G. and me. we used ter call this canal place the Hog's Trough.

"Wall, as I said, we put in eight months on the consarned island, and blamed if they wa'n't the wust eight months ever I spent. Everything begun ter freeze up solid purty quick after we got there, and we had ter sccratch gravel ter keep from freezin', too. We built up a sort er hut out of rocks and snow, and kep' it warm by burnin' seal blubber in a sandstone lamp, same as the Huskies do. We had ter watch the lamp mighty careful ter see that it didn't go out, 'cause we run out er matches. We scraped a thing we called a kittle out er sandstone and used ter cook soup in it. D'jer ever eat any seal soup? Tastes a good deal like melted soft soap.

"Once in a while we'd ketch a gull er a duck on a cod hook, baited with blubber, but mainly we lived on fish and seals. Used ter creep up on the fool seals and lam 'em with a rock. I et seal till I swan ter man if I didn't sweat pure ile. Used ter wake up nights dreamin' I was a sardine.

"Josh G., he happened ter have an old copy of the *Boston Globe* in his pocket; 'twas the one that had that offer of Barnum's in it. Wall, sir, that old paper was a godsend. We used ter read it aloud nights over'n over ag'in, so's ter make b'lieve we was home. I can see us now, goin' over it in that rock hut, with the blubber lamp sputterin' and smellin'.

"'What's the news ter-night, Josh?' I used ter say.

"'Barnum offers twenty thousand dollars reward fer a dead er alive sea serpent,' he'd say.

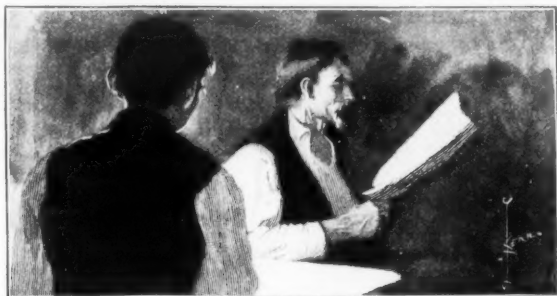
"'Sho! is that so?'

"'Yus,' then he'd read it. 'P. T. Barnum, the eminent showman, offers twenty thousand dollars reward fer', and so on. Gosh! I could sing that in my sleep.

"'Wall, we worried through the winter somehow, and the ice begun ter break up at

last, and a feller could stick his nose out er doors without gittin' it froze. 'Twas purty nigh time fer the sealers and whalers ter go north, so we built up a big heap er rocks on the highest p'int er the island, and kep' a pair er ileskin britches flyin' ha'f mast on a dory oar fer a signal.

"One mornin', after the field ice was purty well broke up and the bergs was goin' south in a reg'lar procession, we see a big cake stranded down on the pack ice by the p'int near our hut. There was some black things on it and we went down ter see what they was. 'Twas old ice, all honeycombed and dirty, that had been froze fer twenty year like as not. The things was ha'f buried in it, and we had a tough time diggin' 'em



"Barnum offers twenty thousand dollars reward fer a dead er alive sea serpent."

out with our knives. There was part of a ship's boat, and some old rotten hawser, and a piece er leather belt with a brass buckle, and a sailor's chist, all corded up, with W. J. K. on the top, done in brass nails. Cal-'late there was more things down deeper in the ice, but we couldn't git ter them.

"We got the chist up ter the hut and pounded her open. The things must a-been in it fer ever so long. There was some ileskins and a peajacket, and more reg'lar sailor duds outer the slop chist, and, down in one corner, wrapped up in a old blanket, was a gallon jug er whiskey. Don't ask me how it come there. All I know is that there it was.

"Now, wa'n't that what yer might call a special Providence? There that whiskey had been kep' on ice, as yer might say, fer up-'ards er fifteen year, waitin' fer us two poor suff'rin' thirsty souls ter come along, and now there 'twas delivered right at our door. We had a sorter celebration that night. We drunk ter 'W. J. K.'—whoever he was—and

ter the Pres'dent, and ter Congress, and the flag, and ter the cap'n, and each one er the crew er the *Sary J. Wixon*, and more, too, I reckon, only I lost count then. Last I remember was Josh G., settin' in the soup kittle, tryin' ter sing 'Home, Sweet Home,' ter the tune er 'John Brown's Body,' and cryin' like a baby all the time.

"'Twas broad day when I woke up, and I was feelin' purty average foggy and mean. The lamp was out, but, somehow, I didn't care. Fact is, I shouldn't er cared much jest then if the sun had gone out; I had other things ter think of. I left Josh G. asleep with his feet in the kittle and went outdoor ter kinder give my head room, as yer might say. We'd built our hut on the west'ard side er the island—it bein' the most sheltered—and from the door hole we had a good view down that canal place we called the Hog's Trough. Wall, after I come out er the door and the island had stopped swingin' round in circles, as yer might say, I started ter go up ter the spring and git a drink er water, fer I needed one bad; but jest then I noticed there was a turrible sea on in the Hog's Trough.

"Now, there wa'n't much of a sea outside, and 'twas 'bout ha'f tide, so what water there was in the Trough had oughter been smooth as a millpond, but 'twa'n't. 'Twas all churned up ter froth and full er waves dancin' like the nation. While I was wond'rin' what that meant, a rousin' big wave come tearin' outer the narrer end er the Trough with a black thing that looked like a barrel on top of it. When the wave got ter the widest part, right acrost from where I was, all of a suddin' that barrel thing went up in the air ten foot, on a green, shiny neck, and opened up a mouth like a trap-door.

"Fust thing I done was fall down and put my hands over my eyes. I kep' 'em there fer as much as three minutes, and when I looked ag'in the thing was gone. I sot up, shakin' like a leaf, and tried ter remember the words er the teetotal pledge I signed when I was a youngster at school. I remembered as much of it as I could, and then I said my name after it, which was next best thing ter signin' it ag'in. I was jest fig'rin' on goin' in and smashin' the jug, when Josh G. come crawlin' outer the hut, lookin' mighty sick and mean, and started ter go up ter the spring same as I'd done. He had not took more'n two steps when that wave come tearin' down the Trough, and up went that big barrel head and open went its mouth, same as afore.

"Josh G. seen it, and he went white as a sheet and tumbled up ag'in a rock. Yer can't think how glad I was ter see him do that, 'cause then I knew that, whatever the thing might be, 'twas real, anyway. He leaned there fer a minute er two, and then he looked over ter me kinder anxious, and purtended he hadn't seen nothin'.

"'It's a nice mornin',' he says, purty shook-up like.

"'Josh,' I says, 'what in the name er all creation is that critter in the Trough?'

"He jumped and his face lit up. 'You've seen it, too?' he says. 'Gosh, that's good! I thought—— But what on airth is it, anyhow?'

"While we was speakin' back come the thing ag'in. It sailed up the Trough, whirled round at the upper aidge, sendin' the foam flyin' thirty foot up the rocks, run up its head and took a look round, and then tore down ter the narrer end, leavin' a wake like a man-er-war. We watched it do this much as a dozen times.

"'What is it?' says Josh G. ag'in. 'Looks somethin' like an eel, but it's the dumdest eel ever I see.'

"'It did look somethin' like an eel, only 'twas much as ninety foot long. Its head was sharp and p'inted same as an eel's and its eyes was kinder small. Over each of 'em it had a sorter horn, like them a snail has. Jest back er the horns was a big bunch er what looked like hair, but it might a-been seaweed, 'cause I could see shells shinin' in it. It had a old hoosier of a mouth. Its back was dark green and its belly was white, like an eel's, and it had two flippers or fins on the under side of its body, 'bout eight foot down from the head. Its tail come out er water once in a while, and that had a fin all round it jest same as an eel's has.

"'It come in at high water,' says Josh G., 'and the tide's ketched it.'

"We watched it tear round fer a spell longer, and then, all ter once, I see Josh G.'s face light up and his eyes fairly snap. He was talkin' ter himself and I stepped up ter hear what he was sayin'.

"'P. T. Barnum, the eminent showman,' says he, 'offers twenty thousand dollars fer the body of the much talked-of sea sarprint. Mr. Barnum, b'lievin' that the acquisition of this monster—provided it exists—would be the greatest attraction that——' He was sayin' over that piece out er the paper.

"'Joshaway G. Berry!' I yelled, 'you don't mean ter say that's it?'

"'It!' he screeches. 'You bet it's it!'

and he commenced ter dance round like a loon.

"'But hold on,' s'I, 'sposin' 'tis it, how are we goin' ter git it?"

"'Why, that's easy,' he says. 'Twas low tide yesterday 'bout 'eleven in the forenoon. 'Twill be low terday at twelve. That critter can't git out er the water, and when it's dead low tide he'll have ter stay down yunder in the narrerest part under them cliffs. Then we'll roll down boulders on him and smash him. Twenty thousand dollars!' and he commenced ter dance ag'in, and so did I.

"Wall, there wa'n't nothing ter do but ter set down and wait fer the tide ter ebb. I got ter thinkin' 'bout what I'd do with my money after I got it. We'd kinder agreed ter say nothin' 'bout Mag Kelly while we was on the island, fer the sake er keepin' peace in the fam'ly, but now, somehow, the thought of her and how she and me would jest blow in that cash kep' comin' up in my mind. Josh G., he was thinkin' away, too, and sayin' nothin'.

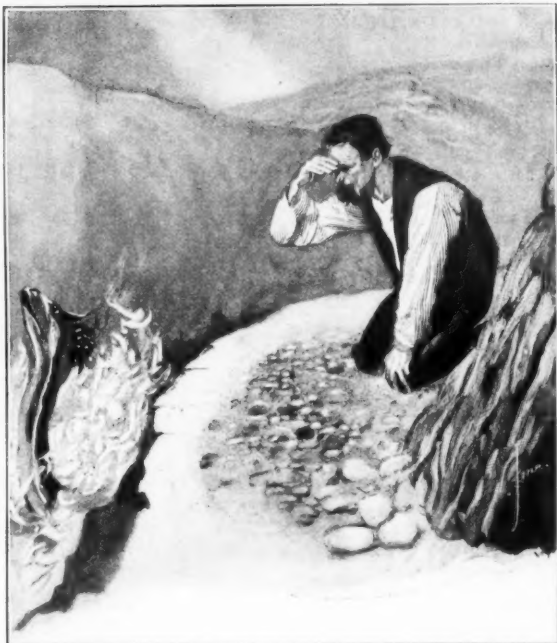
"'Fin'ly I says, 'Josh,' says I, 'I've been chewin' over in my head 'bout this money that's comin' ter me. Course, as I see that critter fust, the whole twenty thousand is mine by rights; but I want ter do the square thing, so I've concluded ter give you five thousand,' I says, 'fer yer-self.'

"'What?' he says, jumpin' up. 'Wall, I like yer cheek! Consid'r'in' that 'twas me that knew 'twas the sea sarpint, and me that had the plan fer ketchin' of him, the twenty thousand is mine, er course; but I was jest thinkin' that I'd be gen'rous and give yer three thousand fer yer own. Yer can take it or leave it,' he says.

"'See here, you Josh G.!' says I, gittin' up myself and kinder hot under the collar, 'that fifteen thousand is fer Mag Kelly and me ter git married on. You can take yer

five thousand and go back ter 'Squam, where yer b'long,' I says.

"'Miss Marg'ret Kelly's my girl,' says he, 'and yer want ter keep yer tongue off her. Yer can take yer three thousand and go back and set in the beach grass where yer was raised, yer red-headed Cape Cod sand flea!'



"All of a sudden that barrel thing went up in the air ten feet."

"'Wall, I wa'n't goin' ter be called that by no son of a Cape Ann jellyfish, so I handed him one under the chin, where his whiskers was kinder scatt'rin', and he clucked like a settin' hen and went over in a heap. However, he got up lively and put one er my eyes outer business, and then things kinder thickened up, as yer might say. I reckon I've hinted that our island was sorter dull. Wall, 'tween the sarpint wallerin' round in the water and us wallerin' round on land, if it wa'n't the liveliest place fer the next five minutes that ever I struck, I'm a dogfish, that's all! It looked kinder various fer a spell, but at last I got him down on his back in a good satisfactory persition, and was jest goin' ter take my change out er him, as the feller said, when he commenced ter gurgle and p'int up in the air. 'What ails

yer?" said I, easin' up a leetle on his wind-pipe.

"The sun!" he says, "the sun!"

"What about the sun?" says I.

"Look at it," he says. I done so, and I'm blessed if it wa'n't way down in the west. "What on airth does that mean?" I says.

"Mean!" he says, crawlin' up on his knees and ha'f cryin'. "Why, yer wooden-headed idiot, it means that it ain't mornin' at all; it's afternoon, and the tide ain't goin' out, it's comin' in."

"And I'll be jiggered if it wa'n't! Yersee, we was so over-come by our—er—excitement of the night afore that we had slep' right through the mornin', and way inter the afternoon. When we did git up the sea sarpint took up our minds so we never noticed.

"I don't want ter talk about the rest er that afternoon. We had ter set there and watch the tide come in and the Trough fill up. The sea sarpint ripped round and round same

as ever, till at last, when the breakers begun ter pour over the rocks at the mouth of the Trough, he run his head up fifteen foot er more and wriggled over inter deep water, heavin' up foam like a snow-plow. As he dragged hisself over we see that, right in the middle of his back, where he was as big round as a merlasses hogshead, he had a great fin with sharp spines on it, like the fin a white perch has, that used ter prick yer fingers when yer was a boy. When

he got outside he didn't waste no time but jest put her fer the p'int, sailed round it, and streaked off ter sea. And that was the end of our twenty thousand dollars. We never said a word; jest moped back ter the hut; and 'twa'n't till we got hold er the jug that we felt the least bit reconciled.

"We was took off three days after by the bark *Gin'ral Scott*, a Portland sealer goin' north, and blamed if we didn't have ter put

in a year chasin' seals up in Baffin's Bay. Seems as if we was kinder under a seal cuss, as yer might say. When we got back ter Portland and got paid off I took the fust train fer Boston, and so did Josh G. At the Boston depot he took a car fer Commercial Street, but I knew the short cuts, so I walked. Yer can most always git anywheres in Boston quicker on foot than yer can in a car, purvided yer know the short cuts. I did, and I beat him out in the run ter Kelly's bo'din' house. Yus, sir! ho, ho, ho! I beat him out!"

"So you won the girl?" I said.

"Wall, I should er won her if it hadn't been fer one leetle thing. Yer see, two weeks after we sailed in the *Sary J. Wixon*, she married a yaller-faced cap'n of a Provincetown mack'el seiner. If it hadn't been fer that I'd a had her."

I left him, still seated on the string-piece, wheezing dolefully at his pipe, and sauntered into the fish house where Lem Mullet was busy washing the floor with buckets of water.



"What ails yer?" said I, easin' up a leetle on his windpipe."



Mrs. Potter Palmer.

## MRS. POTTER PALMER

By CAROLINE KIRKLAND

It is difficult to say with whom the idea originated that women should be officially recognized in the Columbian Exposition. When the National Commission was organized, each of the commissioners (there were two from each state in the Union) was empowered to appoint a woman from his state to the Board of Women Managers. In addition, President Thomas B. Palmer, of the National Commission, appointed nine women from Chicago, among whom was Mrs. Potter Palmer. The only powers Congress had granted this Board of Women Managers was to be represented on the juries of awards. They met first in Chicago.

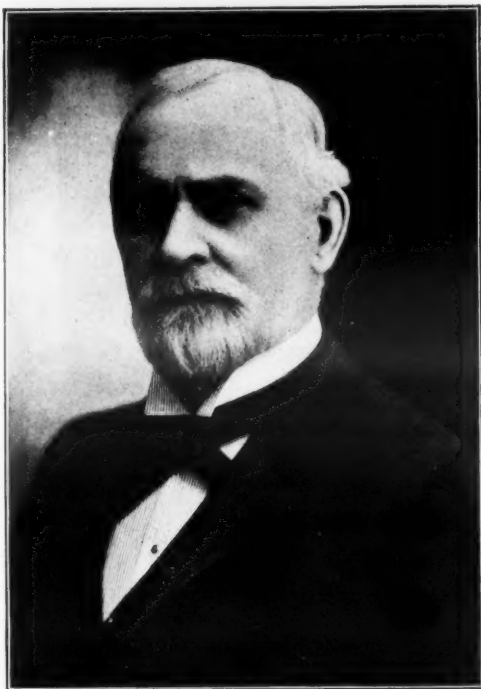
At this initial meeting the first of the

dangers which were to beset the new undertaking hove in sight. A rather loud-voiced minority, champions of the Woman's Rights cause—Equal Suffrage is, I believe, the more acceptable term—saw an opportunity to advance their cause, and sought with might and main to take advantage of it. But the energetic minority succeeded only in uniting the majority into one way of thinking. They did not want the board to fall under the sway of the equal suffragists. So they promptly selected as presidential candidate a woman of whom they knew little except that she was of charming address and was not a woman's suffragist. Excellent politicians as women are, and seeing that they

were outnumbered, the undaunted minority wheeled around and supported the same candidate. They knew nothing of her except that she was inexperienced in public life. Therefore they hoped for great things from the union of her inexperience with their experience. It was a leap in the dark that soon landed them on the hard pavement of disappointment.

When Mrs. Potter Palmer was unanimously elected president of the board, she had never presided at a meeting of any kind in her life. She was utterly inexperienced in managing bodies of women. The Board of Women Managers was a new departure—a collection of untried women in a fresh field without either precedent, definite direction or object, and further, it was a gathering of many different kinds of women with widely varying aims and views. To weld this chaotic mass into a harmonious whole, to turn it along a path of credit to the board and to the country at large, was a task to try a woman of the widest executive experience.

What manner of woman was this who at a bound emerged from private life and secured recognition of woman's part in the industrial world, who attracted a new dignity to women workers? She was, in the first place, a woman of remarkable beauty, of great charm, of domestic and refined tastes, and whose life had hitherto been devoted to her family to the exclusion of many claims. Before her marriage Mrs. Palmer was Bertha Honoré, of a very well-known Kentucky family. Her father, H. H. Honoré, moved to Chicago from Louisville in 1854. As one



Mr. Potter Palmer.

may judge from the name, the family is of French origin. Mr. Honoré's grandfather, a younger son of a distinguished French family, came over from France in the latter part of the last century, and settled eventually in Louisville, where he made what was considered in those days a large fortune—something between four and five hundred thousand dollars. Mrs. Honoré was a Miss Carr, of Kentucky, the Kentucky Carrs being a branch of the well-known family of that name in

Maryland. A woman of great beauty, gentleness and force, Mrs. Honoré is the center of her home circle.

Bertha Honoré, the second born in the family, with her sister Ida (afterwards Mrs. Fred Grant) went to the convent school at Georgetown, where, in 1869, Bertha graduated at the head of her class. She then returned to her home in Chicago. A large and pleasant home it was of the kind now almost disappeared from the great modern metropolis; a square, hospitable-looking, red brick mansion with broad verandas. When housing the Honorés, it was a home full of the life and gaiety that a family of four sons and two daughters naturally attracts.

In 1870 Miss Honoré married Potter Palmer, who was many years older than she. Potter Palmer was a rich and prominent merchant of Chicago. Miss Honoré was a beautiful, dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, with those who knew her at that time say, the slimmest waist in town. To this day Mrs. Palmer's slender, graceful figure is one of her attractions. In 1871 the Chicago fire

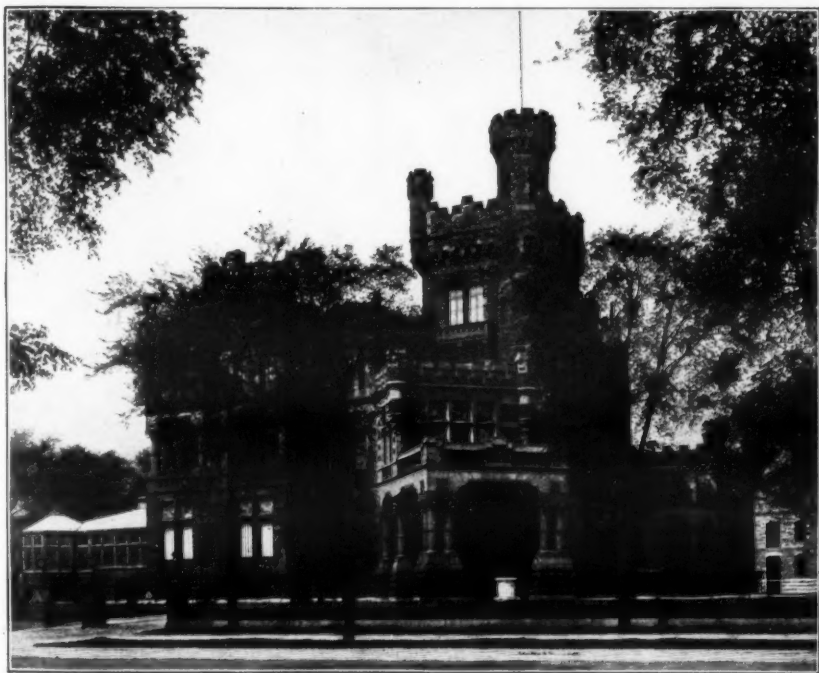


swept away a large part of Mr. Palmer's wealth, leaving him a comparatively poor man. At once he set out to retrieve his fortune, while his young wife devoted herself to her home and to the bringing up of her two sons, Honoré and Potter Palmer, Jr.

Meanwhile, her sister Ida, who had married Col. Frederick Grant, eldest son of the great general, had gone to New York to live. She also had two children, Julia and Ulysses. Occupied with domestic cares, probably neither of these young mothers had time for visions of the important part each was to play in her circle. In 1888, Col. Grant was appointed American Minister to Austria. There Mrs. Grant made for herself in that most exclusive of courts an especial place. She was received in many a circle that had hitherto been closed even to diplomatic representatives. The charming grace and manner which distinguishes Mrs. Grant, as well as Mrs. Palmer, is probably due to the union of the courtly French and the genial Kentucky ancestry. Nothing so distinguishes these two sisters as the simple, unconscious way in which they have

accepted the honors that have befallen them. Neither has been spoiled by her fame and prominence, nor has either allowed the demand of the world to affect her home life. This is a striking quality, and one worthy of note in this day and generation, when blood-ties seem loosening and the old family feelings dying out.

In the months succeeding the first gathering of the Board of Women Managers Mrs. Palmer thought out for the board a policy to be pursued and an objective point to be reached. On the one hand, the suffragists, the temperance advocates and every woman or body of women with a hobby were clamoring for recognition and help. On the other hand, the large mass of indigent female workers yearned to fill the Woman's Building with crazy quilts and statues made out of butter. With delicate firmness Mrs. Palmer put all these offers of assistance and contributions on one side and steered her ship and crew through shoals and past reefs to the safe harbor. She organized her great, unwieldy board into a splendid working body, which, scattered over the land to north,



The Residence of Mr. Potter Palmer on the Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

south, east and west, carried its work and mission into the farthestmost corners of this great country and interested every woman in every community in the aims and objects of the board. Each commissioner who crossed the seas to tell the rest of the world what we were preparing here took



Potter Palmer, Jr.

with him a special commission from Mrs. Palmer.

On one occasion, Mrs. Palmer, by appointment, met at dinner eight or ten of these commissioners to foreign parts. To each she gave an especial task, instructing each one clearly how to go about it and showing herself entirely familiar with the subject. Each found that his commission necessitated close and exhaustive study to arrive at Mrs. Palmer's knowledge of it and to accomplish what she desired. Day and night she toiled to enable herself to direct intelligently the good-sized army of workers which looked to her for leadership. Mr. Palmer says that frequently in those times he would wake in the late hours of the night and find his wife sitting up and making notes or writing letters by the light beside her bed. And this was the woman who a few months before had never known any other life than that of a society woman in a luxurious home, a life that gave little scope to her ambition, will power and executive ability. But the ambition was not for herself, but for that which she had undertaken. Never did the leader of a great enterprise direct it so unostenta-

tiously, or with so evident a desire for self-subordination. Now here you will say that I am wrong, that all the acclaim and fame which have come to Mrs. Palmer would be incense to any nostrils. True; and Mrs. Palmer appreciates well-earned recognition and praise as much as any one. Yet the notoriety that is the breath of life to many a woman—and to many a man, also—in public life, and which is manifested in published pictures and articles in newspapers and periodicals, and in a minute journalistic record of daily comings and goings, is not only not sought by her, but is so distasteful that it is exceedingly difficult for a would-be biographer of hers to find even the barest outline of her life in print.

This brings me to what I think might be called her most salient and noteworthy characteristic. When it was said that the Columbian Exposition had discovered women, it must be admitted that this was only partly true. If the discovery had not been previously made it was simply because the search had never before been organized. Woman has not hid her light under a bushel,



Honore Palmer.

but has been industriously discovering herself for the past half century. There have been some excellent results and a few regrettable ones. Among the latter is the public woman of to-day, the one marked with a large P. W.; the one who never lets you forget her prominence or her mission;

whose oratorical voice and enunciation can be heard at peaceable, well-ordered dinner tables and over the tranquilizing tea cups, and whose husband walks a few feet behind her in the streets, and is spoken of as Mrs. So-and-So's husband. So far is Mrs. Palmer removed from this species that you might talk with her for hours, you might know her well, and yet never learn from her that she had played one of the most conspicuous rôles in the annals of her time. Her public and private life are completely divorced, and she resembles in this the best type of statesman who, fresh from crises of national moment, can give himself up to the discussion of the latest novel or the newest rose. This shows a mind under complete control and a thoroughly subordinated egoism. Given mental powers of such caliber, clothed with a manner which, that while most gentle and cordial, yet has a superstructure of dignity and self-respect, and you have a very notable personality. To put the glow of life into this personality one must have seen Mrs. Palmer in her family relations. Then one realizes her devoted and affectionate nature, which she hides under the impersonal reserve with which she meets the world.

Owing either to discretion, tact or kindness—probably to a mingling of the three—Mrs. Palmer is never known to speak unkindly or with severe criticism of any one. Yet she is an excellent judge of human nature; but her attitude might be described as one of gentle friendliness and genial tolerance. That she is not one to be imposed easily upon, however, was evidenced on one occasion when she was giving a large cotillon. At the eleventh hour the caterer and waiters who had been engaged struck for higher pay,

thinking that the wealthy Mrs. Palmer, under the pressure of circumstances, would be at their mercy. The guests were about to arrive, the hour was late, and the city sources of supply presumably closed. Yet Mrs. Palmer resolutely turned the faithless caterer and his flunkies out and in a few hours had secured other waiters and another supper.

When Chicago spread a feast for the world



An Early Picture of Mrs. Palmer and Her Sister, Mrs. Frederick Grant.

in 1893 such as had never before been seen and probably never will be seen again, and invited the nations to come and celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. Mrs. Potter Palmer, President of the Board of Women Managers, was one of the hosts of the occasion. Under her direction, the huge, unwieldy board had developed into a fine, orderly, hard-working, harmonious band of women, having definite

aims and already a sense of achievement. The Woman's Building was among the first buildings ready, and already justified itself by the crowds that visited it for rest, refreshment and recreation. Mrs. Palmer's practical turn of mind was shown by the policy she had mapped out for the board. Her



Ulysses S. Grant.

A nephew of Mrs. Palmer and now a cadet at West Point.

aim was to present for recognition the important part played by women in the industrial world. To quote roughly her own words: Hitherto women had never achieved pre-eminence in art, in literature or in science. It was time to recognize that their forte lay in the industrial and economic world. For centuries women had been called upon to make one dollar, or its equivalent, do the work of two. This had trained them in practical ways to an extent unrecognized hitherto. Now was the time to emphasize this fact and to have it appreciated. Emphasized and appreciated it was by statistics, exhibits, and in every possible way. The work and exhibition of the Board of Women Managers was one of the features of the fair, and was due largely to the great common sense and clear head of this one woman.

All that summer she entertained both in

her own home and in the Woman's Building, and thousands carried away with them bright visions and memories of her lavish hospitality and gracious personality. The infinite tact, unwearied patience and universal considerateness which she unfailingly showed during those arduous six months won for her a world-wide fame, so that to-day her name is known from the jungles of Africa to the Arctic regions. In fact, among the icebergs of the North there is a little Esquimaux boy born at the World's Fair and called by his fond parents, with an Esquimaux regardlessness of sex, "Mrs. Potter Palmer."

The year after the World's Fair, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer made an extended tour in Europe and Egypt. She received a distinguished and universal welcome, equaling that accorded a half a century before to George William Curtis and later to General Grant. In every country, at every court, Mrs. Palmer was entertained with special honors. Everywhere she gave the same impression of beauty and charm. The Queen of Belgium was particularly attracted by this representative of a young country and of Western civilization. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer visited the queen at her famous chateau at Spa. Yet when Mrs. Palmer returned to her native land after these certainly unusual social triumphs, one never learned of them from her.

Having accomplished her World's Fair mission, Mrs. Palmer returned to private life, firmly declining any further public honors such as our social institutions offer to women. She seemed to be definitely settled in the conventional position of a society leader, for which both nature and circumstances had well fitted her. Then arose the question of appointing a woman to the Board of Commissioners to represent this country at the Paris Exposition. Mrs. Palmer was pre-eminently the woman for the place. She knew this and also she knew that she had more work to do to round off properly that which she had sought to accomplish at the Chicago Exposition. But there was an element at Washington that did not realize this. Opposition, instead of disheartening her, only strengthened her determination. Bringing all her ability and tact to bear, she again successfully achieved her aim. She was appointed as the one woman commissioner on the board. She is now acting in this capacity in Paris. Her special purpose there, and one which she has gained, was to have women included on the juries of award. She was unwilling that the work so well begun in this country seven years ago should

be allowed to drop. Her desire is that it shall henceforth be a matter of course for women to work with men in judging and making awards. It is due entirely to her that this innovation has been adopted at Paris, and this done, she feels that she has fulfilled her special mission.

Let you should begin to feel that this is no woman, but merely an impossible union of desirable but unattainable traits, let me describe Mrs. Palmer. Mrs. Palmer is of medium height and of noticeably graceful carriage. She has dark eyes, and a clear, olive complexion. When she smiles she shows two rows of perfect teeth. Her voice, which is not full, and has a languorous quality, has nevertheless great carrying power, and, with apparently little effort, she can make herself easily heard in a large hall. The years, instead of taking from her beauty, have really added to it by crowning her with a silvery coiffure that a French marquise might envy. She is one of the few women who can wear jewels becomingly. She is very fond of them, and has a collection of pearls rivalled only by those of Queen Margherita of Italy. Indeed, there is a story that when the Infanta Eulalie came in all her jewels to the splendid ball Mrs. Palmer gave for her during the summer of the World's Fair, and found her hostess radiant in gems which far surpassed her own, the Infanta became so sulky and cross that it was almost impossible to induce her to stand up beside Mrs. Palmer to receive the guests.

Mrs. Palmer has many friends, but few—very few—are admitted to that close intimacy which to many women is a necessary element in life. She has a cheerful, even temperament which is not at all subject to moods or changes. This is either the result or the source of the perfect physical health which has enabled her to accomplish so much real, wearing work, work which would have undermined the physique and nerves of nine out of ten men of affairs. Despite all that she undertakes, she is one of those remarkable characters that are never hurried and never tired. Fate has been kind to this gifted woman, and as far as possible material considerations of the sort which vex the ordinary mortal have been eliminated from her life. People may sigh under the responsibilities of great wealth, but they are in the end easier to bear than the daily struggle of buttering a large slice of bread with a small dab of butter.

Mrs. Palmer in her own home in Chicago is a jewel in its right setting. The great

house has been the scene of many princely festivities. It is of very stately dimensions and well adapted to entertaining. Entering at the front door, one finds oneself in a good-sized circular hall, with marble floors, carved columns, and adorned with fine statues and spreading palms. Opening off this hall to the left is the splendid library, a large, lofty room fitted up in dark oak, elaborately carved, and further decorated with a brilliantly painted frieze by John Elliott. The adjoining room is a very richly ornamented little Moorish reception-room, beyond which is the dining-room, an apartment of fine proportions and rather heavy decorations. Outside of these three rooms, and opening into all of them, is a large and



Princess Cantacuzene.  
A niece of Mrs. Palmer.

very beautiful conservatory. Through its palms, tropical shrubbery and vines one can look out on winter days across vast tracts of wind-swept, ice-bound lake, which from the snow-clad Lake Shore Drive, stretch away to the horizon, recalling Arctic scenes. In marked contrast to the bleak and dreary

wastes without are the light, luxury and warmth within.

To the right of the front door is another little reception-room, a sort of ante-chamber, in which hang some fine works of art, and adjoining this room is the great, beautiful, brilliant Louis XVI. salon, where Mrs. Palmer usually receives her guests. The decorations are white and gold, and the lighting is at once soft and dazzling, shedding an equally becoming glow on the splendid jade ornaments adorning the exquisite white marble chimney-piece, the art treasures in the cabinets, the fine pictures on the walls, and the guests who are gathered to enjoy it all.

Beyond this salon is the art gallery, a vast, princely hall in which hangs one of the finest collections of modern pictures in this country. At one end broad, low steps lead up to a smaller gallery which opens with a great archway into the large one. In this smaller hall hang the gems of the collection, among them being Zorn's famous portrait of Mrs. Palmer. Here Mrs. Palmer often entertains at dinner, and the scene is one of unforgettable magnificence, recalling some of Veronese's famous pictures. The huge table, laid for twenty-four guests, is set with something of the same simple splendor of those old Venetian days. At each end will be a great gold candelabrum holding a dozen candles. At the four corners stand tall, slender, gold pitchers. In the center of the table and at the ends will be a mass of white flowers and green leaves. A few smaller gold dishes, together with the Venetian goblets at each place, complete the adornments. This table is spread at the head of the broad stairs leading to the larger gallery, and so overlooks the latter, and forms a brilliant picture.

Mrs. Palmer is very fond of her attractive

niece, whose picture is included in this article. It was while traveling with her aunt that Miss Julia Grant met in Rome Prince Cantacuzene, whom she married a year ago. He is of a well-known Russian family. Her young brother, Ulysses S. Grant, is following in his father's and grandfather's footsteps in choosing a military career.

In all her rather difficult and certainly unusual public career Mrs. Palmer has found in her husband a most able counselor and helper. Even her infinite tact, unless aided by his excellent judgment, would hardly have enabled her to pass successfully through many of the difficult situations she has met.

To introduce such a large element of Mrs. Palmer's surroundings, so many of the details of the lives of members of her own family, I have been impelled by the fact that Mrs. Palmer identifies herself so completely in her daily life with her home and her family connections. She would shun anything that drew her outside of this intimate family relationship. She is intensely dependent on it for her own strength and peace of mind. She is deeply concerned and interested in every event and condition in the careers of her brothers and sisters, and if she is a source of pride to them they are an equal source of satisfaction to her. It is very rare to find such a union of warm heart and genial nature with such remarkable mental gifts. That these last were demonstrated on such a large and conspicuous scale is undoubtedly due to circumstances. The Mrs. Palmer of world-wide fame is a product of opportunity. Had it not been for the Columbian Exposition it is probable that her talents would have been confined to her personal sphere of influence where they would have been appreciated, but never fully realized.

## ISOLATION

By ARTHUR STRINGER

He fared, we said, out to some vast Alone,  
A wandering soul, and knew no more his own.

He sought that Deep, beyond our harbor foam,  
Where loneliness and silence are his home.

Ah, so it seemed, yet there are times when we  
Stand by his salt companionable sea

And strangely feel he fares among his kin,  
While we stand desolate in life's dark inn.



# TALES OF THE CHEMISTS' CLUB

BY HOWARD FIELDING

## XII.—THE TINT OF JEALOUSY'S EYE.

IF Dr. Ernest Harwood had known that Mrs. Wilde would favor him with a call, he would have been more becomingly appareled. As it happened, however, she caught him lacking a coat and robed in a long apron of striped bed-ticking, reaching from his neck almost to his feet. This absurd garment had been gnawed through in many places by the sharp teeth of acids, and it was stained with a little of everything that one may find in a chemist's laboratory.

The gentleman was on his way from his work-room to his private office, and he held in his left hand a bottle containing bisulphide of carbon, a substance which does not smell like the rose of Sharon. As he flitted by the rail that restrains his visitors he was aware of a most sweet voice which said: "Oh, Dr. Harwood, please——"

"Mrs. Wilde!" he exclaimed. "I—I—I'm surprised, and—and delighted."

She laughed in playful derision. Surely the gentleman's looks belied his words.

"If you are very busy——" she began.

"No, no," he cried. "Come in, I beg of you."

He awkwardly opened the gate in the rail, using his right hand as if it were crippled. She passed him, as he held the little gate, and in doing so she caught the aroma of the bisulphide.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed. "What awful stuff is that?"

"Please try not to mind it," he said, leading the way to his office. "I've got to use it, for I've just spilled some bromine on my right hand. Nobody knows just what that will do to him. Some men could bathe in it; to others, a drop of the stuff is a mighty serious matter. The best thing to do is to soak the place with bisulphide of carbon, quick."

There was no one in the office, a den not more than eight feet square. The lady took a seat by the window, and Harwood pushed his chair into the remotest corner. Between them the bisulphide of carbon disported itself in the scanty air.

The situation was full of embarrassments.

In the first place, Harwood had been led to believe that the brilliant and beautiful young widow regarded him with most unkindly sentiments. Indeed, they had quarreled bitterly, and Harwood knew in his heart that he was greatly at fault. He could offer no excuses; he had loved this woman and then he had loved somebody else, and that was all that could be said about it.

True, such things happen every day, so that they seem to be phenomena of natural law. Also when one treads upon another's toes, it is the law of gravitation which makes the accident painful, but one cannot excuse himself thereby. Harwood knew that he had to love Louise Delorme just as he was obliged to occupy space to the exclusion of other objects—because nature would have it so—yet why had he fancied that he loved the other?

He would have liked to say just the right thing, but the situation was not favorable. He was suffering torments, for the bisulphide of carbon, aside from its odor, is distinguished by the rapidity with which it evaporates, producing Arctic cold upon the naked flesh. Harwood's right thumb and forefinger were enduring a process of refrigeration, as a preventive of greater ills, and he was not enough of a Spartan to rise superior to his pain.

"I—I—I'm glad you are not angry with me any more," he said, and it sounded deadly stupid in his ears.

"I found it didn't pay," said she. "A little suburban town like Wansboro isn't big enough to hold a great romance. If we lived in the city, it might be different. You and I have kept our affairs very quiet, and I'm grateful to you——"

Harwood groaned with horror at the idea of his talking about such a matter.

"But," she continued, "there's been a bit of gossip, notwithstanding. I foresaw it, and didn't relish the prospect. I'm a Southern woman, and my pride has been getting worse for nearly three hundred years—let me see, Jamestown was settled in 1607, wasn't it?—but I also have a sense of the

ridiculous, and in the end it made me laugh. Haven't I bowed to you every time we've met, in the last month? There was only a week when I wouldn't."

"A very bitter week to me," said Harwood.

"I don't believe you, my friend," replied the lady, sweetly. "You were in love with Miss Delorme and you didn't care two cents whether I bowed to you or not."

"Indeed, you are mistaken——"

"About Miss Delorme?"

Harwood was silent. He felt as if denial would make him some sort of an apostate.

"I've got all over caring," said she. "So let's drop the subject. I didn't come here to talk about Louise Delorme. I want you to help me in a little scheme of mine."

"I am charmed," said Harwood, nursing his thumb, which really felt as if it might drop off at any moment.

"Does your hand pain you very much?" she asked, sympathetically. "Because if it does you needn't bother with me."

"It feels like the seven toes that Peary lost while he was looking for the North Pole," said Harwood, "but I don't mind it half so much with you here to talk to me. So tell me how I can be of service."

"I'm getting up a costume for the fancy dress ball," said she. "It will be the swell-est function Wansboro ever saw. Of course you're going."

"I was thinking of wearing this apron," said Harwood. "But perhaps the color scheme is a little too violent. What shall you wear?"

"I'm going as a mermaid."

"A mermaid!"

"The lower part of my costume," said Mrs. Wilde, demurely, "will represent a drapery of beautiful sea grasses and ferns. I shall carry the traditional mirror and comb, and my sea-green tresses will be hanging down my back—that is, if you can assist me to secure the proper shade."

"If you meditate putting anything on that beautiful hair of yours," said Harwood, "I shall appeal to the police."

"This is what I'll put on it," responded the lady, and she displayed a great wig of long, blonde hair which she took from her shopping bag.

"Of course," she continued, "I couldn't buy a green one. You must give me something to color it with. Won't it be unique?"

"It's a sin," said Harwood, "to hide the crown of glory that nature gave you."

"Oh, that's of no consequence now," she

replied. "I used to value it once—because you thought it was pretty. But after Miss Delorme appeared in our town, with her bushel basket full of red-brown tresses, mine ceased to be of any importance. It's no fun to be second best, you see."

Harwood winced. He wouldn't, for his life, have been false, in one little word, to a single red-brown hair on his sweetheart's head. He wouldn't say that her hair was not the loveliest in the world; and so he couldn't say anything, in this particular emergency. It was perfectly true that he had been ensnared by Agnes Wilde's "crown of glory," and had let her know it; and had then loved another shade of hair on another woman's head ten thousand times as much. Men ought not to be so made, but they are.

Gliding around the edge of the subject where the ice wasn't quite so thin, Harwood endeavored to dissuade Mrs. Wilde from her project.

"I never saw a mermaid with green hair," said he. "My recollection is that they're mostly brunettes; but I've no doubt there are blonde sea ladies in the depths of ocean, if one knew where to look for them. Your hair will do as it is. I'll take my oath no mermaid's ever was half so pretty."

"How I should have enjoyed that six weeks ago," rejoined the lady, with a little laugh. "But now it is sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. My mermaid shall have green hair. It will make a sensation. Swear to me that you will tell no one."

"Upon my honor," said Harwood.

"Not even Miss Delorme?"

"She would never look at me again if I disclosed such a secret."

"Very well," said Mrs. Wilde; "now, like a good fellow, fill me this bottle with the proper fluid. I suppose it will be some nasty stuff that will stain my hands while I'm fixing the wig. I wish you could give me something that wouldn't do that."

"The stuff that I'm thinking of," said Harwood, "will be very pretty. It will have only a faint tinge of green, and it can be washed off your hands readily enough, if you don't delay. After it has been in contact with the hair or the skin for a couple of hours it will produce a stain about the color of eel grass—a green that's pale in shadow but vivid in the light."

"That will be nice," said Mrs. Wilde.

"By the way, it won't rub off, will it?"

"When it has once taken hold," replied the chemist, "it will hang on like grim death."

The charming young widow clapped her hands in childish glee.

"It will be perfectly splendid!" she cried. "Please give me a lot of it in this bottle. I got this in Putnam's drug store in Wansboro as I was rushing for the train. Harry Putnam gave it to me. It's a pretty bottle."

"Why don't you let me color the wig for you?" said Harwood; but the lady shook her pretty head, and declared that she could do it better herself.

The chemist took the bottle and went out into his laboratory, returning presently to say that he might have to spend an hour or more in experiments, as hair tonics for mermaids were a little out of his regular line. Mrs. Wilde was deep in a novel which she had brought in her shopping bag, and she said that Harwood needn't hurry on her account. Consequently he worked with the patience and precision of the true scientist, and in two hours secured a result of which he was justly proud.

He exhibited to Mrs. Wilde the result of his labors, and she went into ecstasies. He had levied upon his own head and his assistant's for samples, and the locks of hair which he presented to his fair client varied in shade from dull olive to bright grass green. He explained how these different results might be obtained, and in conclusion presented to her the bottle full of a delicately-tinted fluid, most deliciously scented with extract of the lily of the valley.

Mrs. Wilde almost wept with delight. She said that Harwood was a dear boy whose kindness she would never forget, and finally she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, and was gone out of the place before he could move or speak.

The fancy dress party was two weeks away when the incident just narrated occurred. Half that period elapsed, and Harwood saw nothing of Mrs. Wilde. This deprivation he managed to endure, however, as he saw Miss Delorme every evening. The young lady lived in a pretty house which her brother had recently bought as a home for himself and her and their widowed mother. It stood near the railway station where all the commuters assembled at the whistle of the eight-ten express in the morning.

Harwood's house was much farther from the station, and that wherein Mrs. Wilde with her two maiden aunts had resided for the past two years was situated in the middle distance. The chemist did not, as a rule, pass Mrs. Wilde's door on his way to and from the station, but he happened to do so

one morning about a week after her visit to his office.

He was surprised to observe a great activity within the house. Though it stood a little way back from the street, and its windows gave no good view of its interior, Harwood perceived that the most of the parlor furniture was done up in bagging, and that men were at work in some of the upstairs rooms, as if preparing for a removal.

Acting upon impulse, he hurried up to the front door and pulled the bell. A colored serving woman opened the door. She had once been friendly to Harwood, but on this occasion she regarded him with a cold, unwelcoming eye.

"I don't want to seem inquisitive," said Harwood, "but is Mrs. Wilde moving away?"

"Lor' bless ye, no," said the woman. "This ain't nothin' but a little fall house-cleanin'. We's pow'ful tidy, sah, we is."

For the life of him, Harwood could not think of the next thing to say. He stood on the steps looking very foolish, and while he hesitated the servant closed the door in his face.

"House-cleaning?" muttered Harwood, glancing into the parlor windows. "Well, this is the queerest-looking article in that line ever I saw. There's something up."

Vague disquiet filled his mind, as he hurried away toward the station. He remembered many matters, including that extraordinary reward of his chemical labors—a kiss which, viewed in retrospect, seemed not so much of a jest as he had thought at the time.

"I have driven this woman out of town," he said, with deep reproach. "I made her love me, and then I calmly deserted her. She tried to get over it and be good friends, but her heart was hurt too much. I'm the typical male of my species, and hanging would be too good for me."

He was in a trance of remorse when he arrived at the station, and that was why he was so long in perceiving a young woman who tried to attract his attention and at the same time escape that of others. She was half hidden by an angle of the station building, but she kept an eye on Harwood, and whenever he looked in her direction, she beckoned.

At last he saw her, and the sight gave him a start. The girl was Mrs. Wilde's maid. Without doubt, she had a message for him.

"Listen quick!" she said, excitedly. "I came out here on the early morning train. Mrs. Wilde and her aunts are in New York.

They sail for Europe—or somewhere, I don't quite know where—to-day. Mrs. Wilde would kill me if she knew what I was doing. Promise me that you will never tell on me, whatever happens."

Harwood gave the desired assurance.

"Mrs. Wilde has given that stuff to Miss Delorme," gasped the girl. "I—I couldn't bear to think of it. Her lovely hair! Oh, I could not stand being a party to such a crime."

"Say—say that again!" cried Harwood, his voice sticking in his throat. "Wait a minute. I've got to be calm. You mean that Mrs. Wilde has given that green hair dye to Miss Delorme?"

"Yes, that's it," said the girl. "She told her it was something she'd got at the drug store, and that it was lovely for the hair."

"How do you know this?" he demanded.

"Aunt Martha Wilde found it out last evening," was the reply. "She got hold of some kind of a letter that her niece had written to you—talking about vengeance for your perfidy. I heard those words particular. Aunt Martha said she'd tell, and they had an awful time; but Mrs. Wilde has some kind of a power over her. She threatened something, I don't know what; and Aunt Martha gave in. But she cried most all night."

"Fiend incarnate!" exclaimed Harwood. "I'll hunt her to the end of the world. Here, you're a good girl. Take this. And come to my office for more. If you get into trouble, send for me. I must go now. I must hurry."

He was backing away, while the girl clung to him, imploring him not to tell on her.

"Take that train back to New York," he cried, as the express rushed in, "and keep me posted."

The girl turned toward the train, and Harwood ran as if hounds were on his trail up the street to the Delorme house. He waited not for door-bells or servants, but burst into the main hall like a thirteen-inch shell.

Mrs. Delorme was just disappearing in the direction of the dining-room.

"Louise!" gasped Harwood. "Where is she?"

Such is the nature of fear and of women that Mrs. Delorme, though she knew for a perfect certainty that her daughter was safe in her room, became panic-stricken at the mere suggestion of a contrary possibility. She leaned against the door-pane for one

moment to steady herself after this awful shock, and then fled by Harwood and up the stairs, incapable of comprehending the young man's confused explanations.

As for Harwood, he waited in an agony that drenched him with perspiration and took the strength from every limb. And then, suddenly, as visions come to those who fast and pray, came to him the sight of the face of his beloved, and of her red-brown hair.

"Not green! Not green! Thank Heaven!" cried Harwood, and he dropped upon one knee on the lower step of the stairs.

Miss Delorme looked over the upper banister rail with eyes that grew bigger every second.

"Ernest Harwood," she exclaimed, "what is the matter with you? Are you ill?"

He had begun to laugh in that softly convulsive manner which marks the sudden beginning of relief, after a long strain.

"Please come down," he said. "I will tell you all about it. You think I'm a crazy man—and it's a wonder I'm not."

She saw that something serious was in hand, and so she descended, very bewitching in her dainty morning gown. He told her the story in the best way he could find, striving to be just to Agnes Wilde and not too severe upon himself. However, there was only one motive in the story, and that was jealousy. Obviously, Harwood must have been much to blame; but the immediate interest of the matter checked reproof.

"It's true she gave it to me," said the girl. "She's been very friendly of late. She brought it around very cleverly, as I can see now, clearly enough. She said Harry Putnam made it up on her suggestion; that she always used it, and that it was perfectly lovely for the hair. Of course I took it and thanked her, and promised to use it; but I never use anything for my hair except pure soap and clean water. I gave the stuff to my brother."

"To Joe? Great Caesar! Suppose he had used any!"

"It's a wonder he didn't," replied Louise. "He puts everything on his hair—what there is left of it. I never supposed any one could be so ashamed of getting bald. I gave him the hair wash last night, and he said he might use it before he went to bed."

"You'd better go right up, and take it out of his room," said Harwood, "for—"

He was interrupted by a hideous outcry, in the upper regions of the house. It grew louder, and, as the two stood horror-strick-

en, it was complicated by the sound of tramping feet. Frenzied cries of rage and wild howls of despair swept down the stairs, and in the midst of it all, Mrs. Delorme could be heard hysterically weeping and laughing.

Louise, as soon as she could gather her wits, ran to the front stairs. She was half way up when she stopped, like one turned to stone by the sight of the Gorgon. Then she fled back again to the shelter of Harwood's arm.

Behind her came Brother Joe, and his head was something the like of which had never been seen on earth before. The processes of nature had made him bald in a round spot like a tonsure. Encircling this was an abundance of rather stiff blonde hair, now turned to a beautiful green. The bare scalp which became visible when he had reached the foot of the stairs, was of a mottled, dark hue, like a lobster that has not been boiled.

The man's face was perfectly white, except around the lips, where it was blue. His eyes were fixed and glassy. He did not seem to see Harwood at all. Certainly he was incapable of understanding that the young man's presence at that hour was unusual, or of comprehending anything that was said to him. He was the victim of a fixed idea, as his first words proved.

"This is Harry Putnam's work," he said in a curiously restrained tone. "He gave this to you for me. All's fair in love. Well, we'll see about that. Where's my hat?"

"What are you going to do?" cried his sister.

Delorme took a bottle out of a side pocket of his coat, and a sponge out of the pocket on the other side.

"I'm going to even things up," said he, pulling a bicycle cap over his head. "Jennie Hall will have a chance to choose between two green-haired monsters. I would not take any advantage of Harry. He shall be just as pretty as I am—just as strikingly and wondrously lovely."

"Stop! stop!" cried Louise. "Mr. Harwood, stop him. Harry Putnam didn't do this."

"Didn't he? Well, his name's on the bottle, and you said yesterday— But what am I waiting for?"

As Harwood stepped toward him, Delorme sprang into the dining-room and locked the door upon the other side.

"He's going out the back way," exclaimed Louise. "Run, Mr. Harwood. Run around the house."

Harwood ran to the best of his ability, but he did not even catch a glimpse of Delorme between the house and the drug store. When he reached that goal, it was evident that something dire was occurring within. The back room was the scene of it, and when Harwood burst in the worst was over.

Delorme stood with the wet sponge in one hand and a towel in the other, his green head held high, and his eyes flashing down upon Putnam, who sat on the floor dazed and choking with exhaustion and excitement.

The store had been without patrons at the moment of this unique assault, and though the noise of it was attracting some attention the three men were alone in the rear room.

"Wash your head in soap and water as fast as you can, Putnam," cried the chemist. "Delorme, be calm while I tell you the truth."

He seized the excited young man by the arms, and backed him into a corner where the truth was finally forced into his mind. Putnam, who was a young man renowned for invincible good nature, received Delorme's explanations in a very friendly spirit. He could afford to do so, for while Delorme's hair was green all over, his own, after vigorous washing, showed only a faint sage tint around the edges.

By the exercise of his professional skill, Harwood succeeded in restoring Delorme's hair to its original hue—or somewhere near it—in about ten days, but it remained as stiff as a scrubbing-brush for nearly two months. Every time his sister looks at it she vows that she would rather have met any death than the fate that jealousy had prepared for her, and then she invents new reproaches to heap upon Harwood. These she arranges, as a rule, under three principal headings. First, he must have been shockingly perfidious with Mrs. Wilde; second, he would probably be equally false to any one else; third, he must have been more than stupid to let her trick him into the absurd idea that she intended to wear a green wig or any other kind of a wig over her hair at a party, when everybody knew that she was so vain of it that it was painful to be five minutes in her company.





E. R. Shepard, Minneapolis, photo.

In the Northwestern Rockies.

THE place for the man in search of adventure on the American continent is the Rocky Mountains. From the cold and mossy Selkirks in British Columbia to the bare and blazing plateaus in New Mexico, the man who likes to rough it can have all the adventure he wants. Nature seems to have intended that he should never become too familiar with the region. From the time that Pike and Lewis and Clarke roused about among the peaks, forests and rivers nearly a century ago, things that are not friendly to man have been in the majority, and man has had a tough time trying to prove to himself that he could get the best of them.

Beginning with the simple pastime of trout fishing, and winding up with the complexity of the hug of a bear or freezing to death on the top of a 13,000 foot mountain point, adventure is everywhere and always. Put on your canvas jacket, fill your pockets with flies, hobnail your boots, and seek your fun in the Pend' O'Reille region of Idaho. You can't tell your folks with any honest assurance that you will come back. Sling your gun over your shoulder, put your cart-

ridge belt around your waist, fix a hunting knife where you can reach it in a hurry, and go after a moose in British Columbia or a bear in Colorado. You will do well to say a good-by before you leave, or to take out an accident policy. Take your geologist's chisel and sack, and your scientific enthusiasm, and try to circulate among the buried cities of the southwestern plateaus or the gorgeous canyons which sometimes penetrate them; you may find that you might as well be in the Sierras or sleeping on the unwatered kopjes with the British or the Boers, or in the bottom of the sea calling for help.

New Mexico and Arizona seem first of all to be the section of the country that at present produces the most striking adventures. No region is so dangerous to the inexperienced or so trying to those who have tried it before. The people speak all sorts of strange languages, from the Spanish *patois* to the wild gibberish of the Mesa Indians. The blinding sunshine, the oppressive silence, the cities of mud, all exert a weird influence upon the traveler from the East and kindle a desire for exploration and discovery.



Perhaps it was this feeling that years ago urged the old padres onward and caused them to brave the dangers of the desert—its thirst and heat and poison thistle—that they might find new lands to conquer. The archives of all the mission churches are filled with records of the adventures of the missionaries. These are wonderful and strange, but still more wonderful and strange are



A Prospector's Monument.

those the Indians tell to their sons and daughters on a winter's night.

Such struggles of human beings against natural obstacles alone seem almost impossible of belief. A padre starts out to establish a mission in some remote locality, and years pass away without any word from him. Then one day he turns up before the bishop clad in rags, bruised and sick from exposure. He presents a sorry spectacle. But he tells how he built the mission and had it prosperously established when the terrible Apaches came and burned his church. He had barely time to escape to the desert with his life. Then followed months of suffering. Tortured by hunger and thirst and heat and cold, he crawled over the weary miles of cactus-covered earth, and picked his way among the rocks that cut and bruised him. But he got his reward, and none will deny that he earned it.

The past teems with such stories. Of course, they cannot be duplicated to-day, but experiences just as thrilling occur now. No matter where a man may go or what may befall him he will never feel the same throb as when he first hears the "whin" of a rattlesnake, followed by the blood-curdling hiss

that denotes the terrible creature is about to strike. The danger from the rattlesnake is as great to-day as it ever was, and the man who starts alone down any rocky canyon is liable to meet one or more. Generally speaking, the rattlesnake gives warning when it is ready for business, but it happens that this warning is seldom given until the man is quite close—often too close to escape. Of almost the same color as the rocks, the snake lies practically concealed from view, and the first the traveler knows of its presence is the deadly singing of the rattles. Unless the man has heard it before he will not be able to locate it. The terrible sound seems to mingle with the sunshine, and the bewildered man is as likely to walk into the jaws of death as to run in the direction of safety. Unless medical aid is at hand very shortly after the bite, death is sure to follow. An awful death it is; the Indians say the most awful death a man can die.

Besides the rattlesnakes, the New Mexico end of the Rocky Mountains is blessed with the tarantula, the scorpion, and the centipede. Then there's the gila monster and many poisonous lizards. Of all these the centipede is, perhaps, the most to be feared, because it is the most plentiful and has a



Iron-doored Entrance to a Mine.

habit of living among the ceiling rafters of old adobe houses. At night when a man is sleeping, it drops, and if it strike his body, it leaves a wound that takes months to heal, provided some blood disorder does not develop and kill the man. The gila monster generally does not bite unless teased. The scorpion and tarantula inflict wounds more painful than dangerous.

Wild beasts are many in New Mexico, and the hunting of them affords plenty of chance for adventure. The bear and the mountain lion still reign as kings of a good many canyons.

Although there is said to be a perfect peace between the white man and all the Indian tribes, it is still dangerous for a man to travel alone near a great many of the villages. Even the Navajos are prone to rob a man if they like the looks of his horse. Should he make resistance he will be lucky to get off alive. That curious tribe known as the Penitentes do not like strangers, and it is very dangerous for anybody to go near their towns except with a large party. Only recently two surveyors were nearly beaten to death by these fanatical people. It seems that the Penitentes took the theodolite for a camera, an instrument that they believe is the eye of the devil.

It is chiefly the explorer and the scientist gone astray that encounter adventures in the New Mexican region. Occasionally a foolish and tenderfoot traveler has left his train to scale a bit of curious tableland which he thinks is but a mile or so distant from the road, but humanity is gradually being educated to the deceptiveness of distances in the Rockies, and this does not happen so often now.

In the Colorado region of the mountains it is the miner, the mountain climber and the hunter and fisher who have the fun. Here nature is less cruel. The deserts are not so vast and water is more plentiful. Poisonous reptiles and insects are rarer, and in the summer season the nights are cool. But the face of everything is precipitous and extraordinary. The mountains are lofty. The streams are torrential. The canyons are thousands of feet deep. The changes of weather are quick and severe. A fisher may follow a stream for hours only to find that he has come upon a falls or a cataract which he cannot pass. Nights and days may pass and hunger come upon him before he again reaches his camp. The hunter may perish in a snowdrift or lose his trail in the timber.

But if a man loves adventure he can find nothing that will offer so much to satisfy his passion as a life of mining and prospecting. The prospector is the adventurer *par excellence* of the Rockies. From the moment he starts upon his career in the mountains, leaving behind him the collection of colorless and wind-beaten shanties, known as "the city," adventures greet him at every turn. As he picks his way through a

wilderness of rocks and fallen trees, having left the meager trail far behind, ever on the lookout for a faint sign of the outcropping of the precious metal, his passage is almost sure to be disputed by wild beasts. But what an excitement there is in seeking for gold. It is stronger and more intense than that of the gambler at the green table, staking his last dollar on the turn of a card. The prospector may be penniless, he may have put his last cent into the "grub" that is now fastened onto the back of his burro; yet one stroke of his pick is likely to uncover treasure that will transform him into a millionaire. He sits down to a meager meal, cooked over a rude fire between a few stones, but all the time feels about him the presence of gold. Perhaps his fire is built on the end of a ledge that is "chockfull" of gold; perhaps he is sitting on a rich outcropping that is simply covered with small stones, perhaps there is gold beneath the big tree just across the ravine. Gold may be everywhere, if he can only find it. He must find it. Surely his luck is not less than other men's.

And so he goes on, scaling the loftiest peaks where snow lies all the year round, and even his heavy blankets are not sufficient to keep him warm at night, diving into all sorts of caverns and rifts in the rock, exploring caves only perhaps to be chased out by wild beast occupants, braving a thousand dangers that he may find the means of passing the rest of his days in ease.

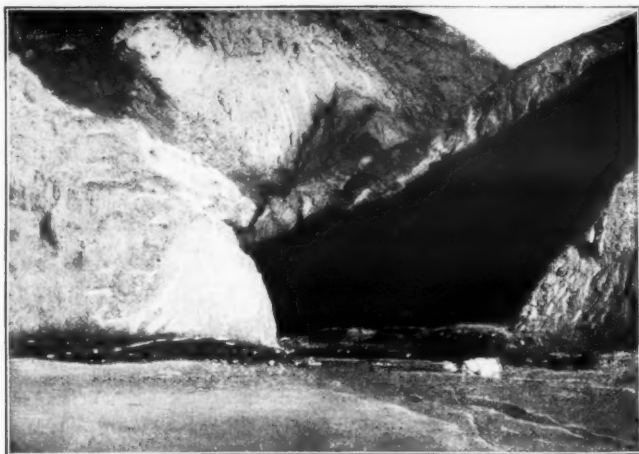
And how does it all end? In most cases the daring prospector who sets out alone meets his death miles and miles away from any human being. How, nobody ever knows. His bones may never be found. He disappears as completely as last winter's snow.

But should the prospector strike it rich his adventures will go on as long as he remains in the Rocky Mountains. If his find is worth anything as a "poor man's claim," he will put up a rude cabin and go to digging, concealing what gold he takes out in a place secret to himself. But he will have to guard it all the time, for covetous miners who are not so fortunate would not hesitate to take his life if they could get possession of his little pile of yellow metal. His rifle must be his constant companion, and he must be ready to use it at the first sign. At night he must sleep with one eye open. If a stranger approaches the cabin he must be ready to dispute his right to be there. The few years a man may put in at this kind of life are most wearing, and should the pros-

pector conquer all risk and get back to his native town with a "pile," his friends will look upon him as an old man, though he is still under forty. Only the unknowing ones will envy his fortune.

The man who works in the developed mines is also having adventurous experiences all the time. The tunnels, shafts and drifts

rifle and jumps to his feet looking in all directions for signs of the intruder. Should he get sight of the bear in time and manage to put a rifle ball between its eyes the incident is soon over, and a valuable skin is carried home as a trophy of the chase. But if the hunter misses or only wounds the bear, a fight to the death must follow. It



At the Mouth of a Canyon.

are liable at any moment to cave in and bury the worker under tons of rock. Or perhaps he may be imprisoned without food or water, and pass many days of horrible suffering in darkness and silence.

Tradition associates the Rocky Mountains with the bear, but that big and glorious animal of the hunter is going farther and farther back into the wilderness, and seeking him out has become mighty uncertain work. The cinnamon and the black bear are more frequent. Yet scarce as all ursine creatures are in comparison with old times, there is no telling where one may be in hiding or at what moment the hunter, fisher or traveler may find himself face to face with the terror of the mountains. As a general thing, the man traveling through the Rockies is always "loaded for bear." He asks every one he meets if any have been heard of, and each night lies down with the expectation of a visit from one before morning. It is a well-known fact that a bear generally appears when least expected.

The hunter is seated by his camp-fire and his dog dozes nearby. Suddenly there is a crackling of bushes. The hunter grabs his

may be that before he can "jump" the lever of his repeater the brute is on him and he must depend upon his knife or revolver. At this point of the fight the value of a bear dog that knows his business is more than a million dollars. A bear cannot submit to having his back legs bitten, and will turn on the biter and forget all about his real enemy in front of him. This will give the man a chance to use his firearm and end the struggle. Should the fight develop into a hand-to-hand conflict between man and bear the results are uncertain. Armed with only a bowie knife, the hunter must keep his nerve and quickly reach a vital spot or the bear will jump on him and force him to earth, where death is almost certain, unless some other hunter happens on the scene and puts an end to the bear with a rifle ball. Men have killed bears with knives, but often this has been done when the man was under the 400 pounds of bear flesh and had to carve his enemy to pieces in order to extricate himself. This, of course, spoils the victory, because it also spoils the skin. But it does not take away from the excitement of a bear hunt.

Panthers and mountain lions offer little sport. The beasts are cowardly and must, as a general thing, be driven to tree before they can be killed. But should one be wounded and attack a hunter, the man must be quick with his rifle or run the chance of being clawed and bitten. A hunter who does not keep his nerve and wits about him runs



A Miner's First Cabin.

a poor chance with a panther that has been driven to fury by a wound.

Of all the natural phenomena peculiar to the Rocky Mountain region none is more strange or terrible than the mysterious storm known to the Indians as "the white death." Scientific men have never yet had an opportunity of investigating it, because it comes at the most unexpected times and may keep away from a certain locality for years. Well-read men who have been through it say that it is really a frozen fog. But where the fog comes from is more than any one can say. This phenomenon occurs most frequently in the northern part of Colorado, in Wyoming, and occasionally in Montana.

About two years ago a party of three women and two men were crossing North Park in a wagon in the month of February. The air was bitterly cold, but dry as a bone and motionless. The sun shone with almost startling brilliancy. As the five people drove along over the crisp snow they did not experience the least cold, but really felt most comfortable, and rather enjoyed the trip. Mountain peaks fifty miles away could be seen as distinctly as the pine trees by the roadside.

Suddenly one of the women put her hand up to her face and remarked that something had stung her. Then other members of the

party did the same thing, although not a sign of an insect could be seen. All marveled greatly at this. A moment later they noticed that the distant mountains were disappearing behind a cloud of mist. Mist in Colorado in January! Surely there must be some mistake. But there was no mistake, because within ten minutes a gentle wind began to blow and the air became filled with fine particles of something that scintillated like diamond dust in the sunshine. Still the people drove on until they came to a cabin where a man signaled to them to stop. With his head tied up in a bundle of mufflers, he rushed out and handed the driver a piece of paper on which was written, "Come into the house quick or this storm will kill all of you. Don't talk outside here."

Of course no time was lost in getting under cover and putting the horses in the stables. But they were a little late, for in less than an hour the whole party was sick with violent coughs and fever. Before the next morning one of the women died with all the symptoms of pneumonia. The others were violently ill of it, but managed to pull through after long sickness.

"I seen you people driving along the road long before you got to my house, and I knowed you didn't know what you were drivin' through," said the man as soon as the surviving members of the party were able to talk. "That stuff ye seen in the air is small pieces of ice, froze so cold it goes clear down into your lungs without melting. If any man stayed out a few hours without his head covered up he would be sure to die. One winter about eight years ago it cleaned out a whole Indian tribe across the Wyoming line. They are more afraid of it than they are of rattlesnakes. That's the reason they call it the 'white death.'"

Northward of the Wyoming plateau where years ago Cody and the army boys slaughtered the buffalo, lie the headwater lakes and streams where the expert fishermen revel. Here the mountains first show the luxuriant undergrowth that in British Columbia renders the trails almost impassible, and mountain traveling in summer, at least, most dangerous. The waters themselves are grand, clear as crystal and deep as iniquity. But they are so full of trout that to camp along the banks is to fancy oneself on the edge of paradise. To cast a line is to intoxicate one into oblivion of all prudence and all care of life. One follows the trout as one follows the trail of his own mistakes. He begins before light and quits after dark. He

builds a fire wherever night catches him, tosses his fresh fish into the coals, devours it ravenously together with hard tack from his water-soaked pocket, and goes to sleep anywhere. The man doesn't care where.

Working northward from Idaho, Western Montana and Eastern Washington, the traveler finds a region so inhospitable as to be almost forbidding to a man of judgment, yet too fascinating to resist. Habitations are few and dangers are great. At any season of the year, close to or far from the railroad, every mile of progress means a long mile of hardship. During the summer the temperature is delightful, and the traveler from New York, if he happens to think of the city's burning pavements, draws a long breath of satisfaction when he sniffs the cool breeze from Lake Athabasca of Hudson's Bay. But it is only a moment till he wishes himself back in New York, where the ground is solid, anyway, even if it is hot. For if he was not careful to stand on a log when he dropped into his reverie the chances are that he stood on a bog and slowly but surely has been sinking down deeper and deeper so that a good struggle is necessary to get out. Indeed, some unfortunate travelers have never got out, but have sunk to their hips and remained there till they starved to death, or have shot themselves in desperation. Men who have been rescued almost at the last moment say the tortures of such a position are beyond description. Each day seems years long, and hunger and thirst cause madness. Perhaps when a man is so trapped a wolf or bear comes along and makes a meal of him; and his friends on a searching party cannot find even his bones.

As there are few commercial or industrial incentives to take men into this unexplored part of the world, only those go there who seek hunting, fishing or exploring, prompted by the love of adventure. In the summer hundreds of men from "the states" go into this country for the dangerous attractions that it offers. Deer are plentiful, but the

killing and pursuit of them is fraught with danger. The hunter catches a glimpse of the fleet-footed creature peacefully feeding in a quiet nook. Taking a squint at it over the sights of his rifle he decides that it is too far away for a successful shot and begins to crawl nearer and nearer. When he reaches what he thinks is a favorable spot the deer catches his scent and is gone. Then begins the danger and the sport for the hunter. From rock to rock, across gorges and through mountain torrents he follows his game. Up precipitous cliffs and down into awful chasms the chase goes on hour after hour. Generally the hunter, if he knows his business, gets his deer. Sometimes a loose rock on the side of one of the cliffs slips from under his foot and he drops to the bottom a mangled heap, or a swift current in one of the streams sweeps him off his feet. At any rate, the deer finds a nice, quiet place to feed, and the man is sent home a cripple or a corpse.

The many streams and lakes of this region



A Miner's Cabin After His Claim Begins to Pay.

afford most enticing temptation for the canoeist, but a subtle danger lurks in the teetery craft. Only long years of practice enable a man to be safe in a canoe. Even on still water there are dangers, for summer storms are frequent and sudden. The sky may be cloudless and the air motionless while the canoeist sits idly in his vessel, forgetting the great world of business and care

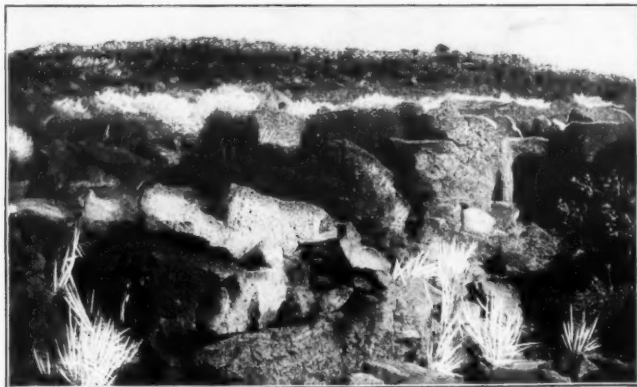


that lies over beyond the great divide. Before he can realize it there is a whistling of the wind above his head and the branches of the trees on shore wave wildly. Should the canoeist delay he is soon battling in a sea of foaming waters from which only the greatest skill, endurance and luck can save him.

In the rivers the greatest of all the dangers is the rapids. To pass through these swirling masses of rushing waters, avoiding

Nearly all the adventure of this region comes from the satisfying of the sporting instinct. There is little lawlessness among the resident population, and what there is is strongly curbed by the Canadian mounted police. There is practically no mining. Mountain climbing for exploration has probably caused more deaths than anything else.

Travel through this region in the winter season, while beset with hardships enough,



One of "Hell's Holes."

each of the projecting rocks that rise above the surface, finding the right channel, and safely landing in the quiet pool at the bottom, is a thrilling experience that a man remembers all his life. A single misstroke of the paddle, the least miscalculation means a broken boat and a drowned man. It is said that of all those whose boats are overturned in the rapids of the northern rivers, not one in fifty gets out alive, and to a person who has stood on the river bank and watched the turbulent water of even a moderate rapid it seems a miracle that even one should escape. But no man who has ever once escaped such a death has been known to keep away from canoes and rapids thereafter. He knows the danger and that gives a zest to the adventure.

Even fishing in the British Columbia mountain streams is fraught with danger, so rugged are the places where they must be caught. The streams are swift, deep, and the footing uncertain. Step-offs into a pool, perhaps fifty feet deep are common. The rocks under which the trout and salmon hide are smooth and covered with a slippery moss. Walking over them is likely to cause broken bones.

is still much more agreeable than in the summer. Hunters and trappers usually locate in some habitation and use it as a central point from which they search for game, traveling on snow shoes. Even when a long journey is necessary, the old, experienced trapper seldom thinks of taking a tent with him, but trusts to luck to find a big hollow tree for the night. Such trees are common in certain sections of the Canadian Rockies. They are all old and have only a thick outer shell. An old oak, six feet in diameter, affords an admirable place to bunk, provided the opening is not too large. The experienced hunter always looks for a hollow tree with the opening into it down close to the ground, as this prevents the possibility of a wild beast climbing in on top of him. Sometimes the man finds the hollow tree already occupied by a bear or a catamount, which he must fight or hunt another tree. If nightfall is already well advanced there is generally a fight, as hollow trees are hard to find in the dark by even the most experienced hunters, and in most cases the man gets the tree and the skin of the wild beast, too.

When the hunter has completed his work he builds a fire in the snow not far from the



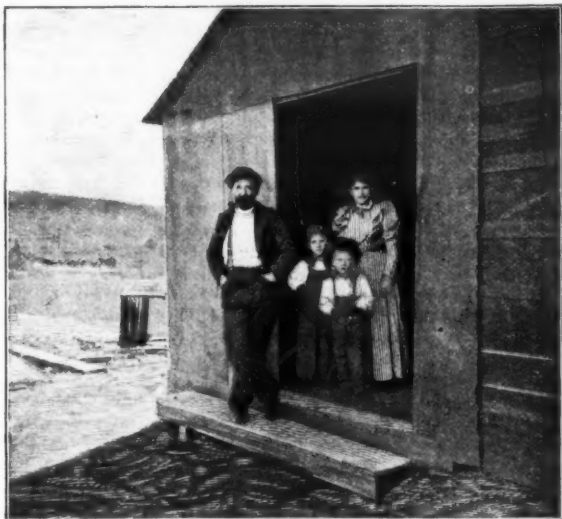
hole in the tree, cuts a piece of meat from his vanquished foe, and prepares his supper. And never does man partake of a meal amid more solemn surroundings. The air is still and no sound breaks the silence except the crackling of the ice on the sleet-covered twigs. Rocks, canyons and gorges are buried deep under the snow, and the light from the camp-fire lights up the scene with a vivid glare.

His evening meal finished, the hunter crawls into the hollow tree and gets into his sleeping bag, lying so that his head will be close to the opening. And there he sleeps as comfortably as if he were in a bed of a \$10 a day hotel in New York. Such an experience is usually an event to mark an epoch in a man's life, and yet to the hunter and trapper in the Canadian Rockies it is an every-day occurrence.

During the winter the moose and the wood buffalo are hunted along the eastern slope of the Canadian Rockies. Both of these animals are still plentiful there, and are stalked in much the same manner as deer. But the hunting of the moose is more dangerous and requires all the nerve a man has. The beasts are vicious, especially after a slight wound. They are hard to kill, and a rifle ball must reach a vital point to drop the game. So the hunter, hindered at every step by cumbersome snowshoes, must get quite near. When the time comes to shoot he must not waver, and yet he must be ready to run in case the beast should turn on him. The least mischance means death, for the moose's front feet are sharp. It has a trick of rushing at a man and striking an outward and downward blow that is likely to cut him in two. Dogs are generally able to take care of themselves as far as moose are concerned, but at the critical moment can do little to help their master. When the moose driven to bay turns, it always makes for the man, seeming, by some strange intelligence, to

know who is the real enemy. For all this, moose-hunting is the most exciting sport to be found on the American continent to-day, and the man who loves adventure will get enough on one hunt to last him until another year. Then he will go after more moose. But it may be that he will never come back.

As the Rocky Mountain region becomes better known, as the railroad and hotel facilities increase, so that there are near-by bases to work from, mountain climbing will



A Home in the Desert.

become more general. From the southern end of Colorado northward to the Alaskan end of the chain there are peaks lofty as those of Switzerland, rugged, snow-covered and threatening. The great altitude and whitened surface that allures among the Alps also allures among these American crags. Mountain climbers are attracted toward them in larger numbers each year, and it is but a question of time when guides will be as plentiful as abroad, and mountaineering has become the pastime in summer of hundreds of Americans. Rocky Mountain clubs already exist in Denver, Colorado Springs and other cities, and from the lore of the members of these institutions can be obtained narratives that will bear wide reading.

# TEN YEARS' TRIAL\*

## THE STORY OF A SOLDIER'S STRUGGLE

By BRIG-GEN. CHARLES KING

### XVII.

THE firm of Cresswell & Langdon, Attorneys & Counselors at Law, to use the diction of the dramatic papers, "opened to good business" in Brentwood, and its fame spread beyond the Redwater Valley. One thing about it was objectionable to the junior member from the start. The Seattle had by this time "subsidized" Cresswell, and limited the sphere of usefulness of the concern. Langdon had no reason to love the management of either road, but that of the Seattle was especially obnoxious. Men with just claims against that company could not look to him for legal aid, and he would have been less than human had he not cared in such cases to appear rather for the plaintiff than the defendant. The road had its regular legal staff, of course, and kept it busy day and night. A railroad lawyer may be paid a salary no superintendent can aspire to, but he earns it and must see to it that local talent along the line is not too often arrayed against him. "You're too damned Quixotic, Langdon," said even his big-hearted, big-framed, big-voiced Kentucky friend. "You're too much given to kicking against the pricks. That's no way to get ahead in life!"

Langdon was poring over some papers at the moment, and turned in his revolving chair and looked up with a quizzical smile. Gray hairs were sprouting at his temples, two or three appeared in the thick growth of his mustache. Lines and crow's feet were digging underneath his fine, clear eyes, but he was looking the world in the face now. He had his start and sought no favors. "You are thinking of which case now?" he asked, and there were two of Langdon's eccentricities the senior never ceased to twit him about. One was the celebrated trial of the United States *vs.* Santley, when that distinguished officer was brought to book by an irate colonel of cavalry because of sensational stories growing out of the ravine episode. The other was the arraignment of a former assistant in the M. V. office at Brent-

wood, as accessory in the safe robbery that had resulted in Langdon's discharge. Santley's trial came off long months after the occurrence that led to it, for that story at the time was known to but one woman and half a dozen men, but with a host of vivid embellishments was spread broadcast during the winter when one of the "toughs," whose life had been made almost a burden to him when the story gradually made its way about the battery, concluded that desertion was better than persecution, and turned up in Chicago with a pitiful tale of wrong and oppression, abuse and tyranny in the regular army. There was something at bottom as the fellow told it, for investigation developed that they had assaulted Langdon, that they had provoked his wrath, and that they had insisted that they were obeying Santley's orders. They swore to it, in fact, and it might have gone hard with Santley, all things considered, had not Langdon himself journeyed to Pawnee, testified to the exact manner and language of the pair, and then so aided Santley in his defense that the slanderers were confounded in open court. It was established that Santley had merely cautioned the members of the battery that they were to pay no more attention to Mr. Langdon than to any other civilian, and his accusers broke down when cross-examined as to the time, place and circumstances under which he had given them further and specific instructions. It spoiled a newspaper sensation, and saved a commission. But Santley was sore hurt. Everybody knew he was deeply smitten with Ethel Grahame, and had not prospered in his suit. Many knew that there was only one man who could set him right before the court, and that was the last man he could ask to do so, and few had any inkling of the plan of the defense when, as a guest of Major Melville, Mr. Langdon appeared at Pawnee little more than two years after his expulsion therefrom, looking very well groomed and fed for a man "picked up out of the Chicago

\*"Ten Years' Trial" began in *AINSLIE'S MAGAZINE* for December.

street," as the Nathans had said, two winters before; very calm and dignified in manner, very glad to see Rodney May and Woodrow, very cordial to Channing and his cavalry chums, very courteous to Santley, and most civil to Colonel and Mrs. Cat. Nathan and Torrance he never seemed to see, and during his forty-eight hours' sojourn at the post both those warriors were much occupied with home duties. All Pawnee, however, was aware of the fact that Miss Grahame and Lawyer Langdon had gone out riding together the afternoon of the second day, and Miss Grahame's eyes and color were something beautiful to see as she slid from saddle, with just a touch of her slender, shapely hand on Langdon's shoulder as he assisted her to dismount. Everybody else at Melville's was out of sight at the moment, but there were spectators galore up and down the row and on other piazzas, despite the chill air of the close of a winter's day. It was perhaps the consciousness of this display of garrison interest that prompted that very independent young woman to turn at the fence and accost him once more, thereby causing him to leave the horses to the care of Bugler Kerry and to follow her to the steps and stand there, looking up into her glowing face, with the slant of the setting sunbeams illumining his own, clear-cut, soldierly visage. "Looks to me," said Capt. Cannon to his better half, "much as though Sheeny's malevolence meant Langdon's ultimate bliss." And as Cannon was one of the very many of Ethel Grahame's appreciators it was proper that Mrs. Cannon should promptly point out to him the detrimental side, which she did.

"What good will it do him? She hasn't a penny, and he has nothing but his debts."

"Some women, my dear," said the big gunner, oracularly, "are treasures without a penny. As for Langdon's debts," he added, with a sigh, "I wish I saw as clear a sky ahead"—a speech which ruined the serenity of Mrs. Cannon's usually sunny temper as much as a week, and Cannon's coffee was cold and streaky on the morrow. That visit was quite the episode of mid-winter at Pawnee in ways more than one. Nathan, Torrance and Santley, who had been quite a close community, had a flare-up of some kind, and parted company. This was Quixotism Number One—this trip to Pawnee, and to the defense of Lieut. Santley, according to Cresswell's views. He was for a duel *à outrance* when first the story of Santley's malignant persecution of his new partner reached his ears.

It was nearly a vain effort for Langdon to tell him the story was grossly exaggerated. It had all the elements of probability, said Cresswell, and he hardly knew what to make of Langdon's indifference. Then, several months later still, as the result of Cresswell's persistent proddings, there were indications that the M. V. people were actually bestirring themselves over that old safe business, and one April morning Brentwood was excited by the story that young Frewen, an English lad whose father had died in the service of the road six years before, was behind the bars awaiting trial on charge of being the safe robber. This was certainly not what Cresswell had been working for. He believed that Betts, Junior, was the man, as he had the safe combination and access to the office at all hours. Frewen had neither. Brett, Senior, was "up the road" the night preceding the discovery of the loss, and Langdon had been in the office alone for an hour after the money was placed in the drawer and before he took the evening train to Gunnison. The officers of the road at the time seemed certain that everything pointed to Langdon, but it transpired later that every cent he had spent could otherwise be accounted for. Young Betts was something of a swell in his way, a gallant among the Brentwood girls, but he had spent no money beyond that which he received as salary and that "given him by his father," which statement the senior confirmed. For a time it looked as though the thief had been scared into hiding his plunder, and was waiting until the hue and cry were over before unearthing and using it. Frewen was a shy, quiet little fellow who lived with his widowed mother and gave her most of his scanty salary, but he was in love with a pretty Brentwood girl who favored his suit at first, but tired of the prospect of a long engagement, and began tormenting him by going occasionally with Betts and others to evening entertainments. Frewen was jealous and unhappy a while, and then came a change. He returned from a brief visit to Omaha, appeared for the first time in his life in stylish raiment, and began to cut a dash in social circles; joined the Rifles, then in the heyday of their fame and fortune, and took pretty Aileen to parties where Betts was not even bidden, and in April came the crash. It would have lifted the last prestige of suspicion from Langdon's name had Frewen been convicted. But he wasn't, for Langdon, his captain, turned to and proved him innocent. It was a simple matter. The contemplation of

her boy's misery had been too much for even a grasping and parsimonious woman. Mrs. Frewen had money stored away that she had scraped and saved for years, but denied, fearing that the pension paid her by the road would be stopped if ever the management found she was fairly well-to-do. Langdon's almost laughing development of that case was a joy to the Brentwood yarn spinners for long months later, but it put "the Road" in bad light, notably the house of Betts—and won him more enmity. Therefore, did Cresswell call him contumacious and Quixotic. Both Betts and both Roads were arrayed against him now, and Cresswell fretted. What was he to do with a partner who made enemies among the seats of the mighty and would not truckle to the mammon of unrighteousness? Langdon saw unerringly what was passing in the senior's mind, and that summer told him so. "You have been a good friend to me, and I must not hamper your hopes and plans, colonel," said he. "If you should be nominated for Congress, I'll take the stump for you. If not, they need active lawyers in the far Northwest, where the Road is pushing through the Idaho mines. I'll swing my shingle out there."

Two things happened to add force to the project. For the very reason that his opponents proved him a "corporation lawyer," the farmers and artisans joined forces against Cresswell, and he failed to capture the convention, a man of far inferior mould becoming the nominee for Congress. It soured the Kentuckian more than a little, yet was exactly what Langdon had prophesied. No elder likes to see the power to say, "I told you so," in the hands of a junior partner. Langdon discreetly said nothing except in answer to his senior's remarks. He was having an experience of his own.

The command of the regiment to which the Rifles were assigned as Company "C" had been vested in a veteran of the Civil War who once knew something of old-time tactics, but could not master the new. In June the regiment was under canvas, and such instruction as the colonel could give it for an entire week, and the whole organization could see that the Brentwood and Gunnison companies that had had the advantage of Langdon's coaching were head and shoulders above the rest. One day the colonel was ill, the lieutenant-colonel was suddenly confronted by a possibility he had never contemplated, that of having to drill the battalion. Camp was to be inspected next day by a "regular." There would

surely be a review, with the whole countryside out to see and scores of fellows from other regiments to criticize. It ended in Captain Langdon's being asked to "act" as commanding officer, which he did with consummate ease, and gave them hours of such "coaching" as they'd never had, and more all the afternoon and following morning, to the end that the eight companies passed a surprisingly creditable inspection, and their review was the best given by any of the state forces that summer. The old colonel resigned at the close of camp, the lieutenant-colonel waived promotion, the officers signed a paper asking that Langdon be made colonel, and then some of them privately told the adjutant general they did so because they "couldn't say no, exactly," and yet were opposed to the idea. They might well be, because they knew their incapacity and felt that Langdon would soon be after them with a sharp stick. The two Roads through their representatives had also something to say. Mr. Langdon was a brave officer and all that, a good man to have at hand in time of trouble, but one who would probably make more trouble than he could cure. Again the Executive found that there was an undercurrent among the political soldiers and the management of the Roads inimical to Langdon's advancement. Election was coming on. Campaign funds were needed. "Put away the sword. States can be saved without it," was something any statesman could say, from Richelieu down, but where was the statesman who could say states could be saved without money? The governor knew that personally and professionally Langdon was the man of all others for that promotion, but he gave it to the major, a gentleman who didn't know a cartridge from a cat-o'-nine-tails, and that autumn in an editorial, genuine in its regret, the *Banner* referred to the removal from their midst of the law firm of Cresswell & Langdon. It was understood that brilliant prospects awaited the gentlemen comprising it in the field of their new operations—the rapidly developing region of the mines and forests of the far Northwest. It was understood that they had already secured their office in the heart of the great lumber district of the Columbia, and that except in memory Nebraska would know them no more. That winter Cresswell & Langdon were enrolled among the taxpayers of Spartanville. Another year and the Kentuckian was in his element and the Legislature, while Langdon stuck to the desk and to courts until once again impor-

tuned by men who knew his deeds in Nebraska to take the head of a stalwart company of far Northwestern militiamen. "Good God! Langdon," said Cresswell, "haven't you wasted enough time in that thankless work? What good do you ever expect to get out of it?"

"Two goods, colonel," said Langdon, tranquilly. "One is that I am paying the nation for my education. Another, gaining for myself a hold among the men from whom the nation must find her soldiers next time she goes to battle. It's got to come, and when it does—I go out at the head of a regiment and not the tail of a battery. Mark you that."

#### XVIII.

The firm of Cresswell & Langdon, Attorneys & Counselors at Law, had moved to the capital. The title of colonel, so long and so gracefully worn by the senior member, had given way to that of judge, and had perched, eagles and all, upon the shoulders of his martial junior. In a great commonwealth of the far Northwest men of brain, brawn and energy were not long lacking abundant work, and as the years rolled on and Langdon gained confidence with constant practice in the courts, there came a time when he could have wished for greater opportunity for study. "Give up your tin soldiering," growled the judge. "Here you are, going on forty, and wasting three or four evenings a week fooling round with a lot of boys playing with swords and guns." And still Langdon smiled the same quiet, quizzical smile, passed his long, slim fingers back through the thinning crop of dark hair, all silvered now as was the trooper mustache, and looked up at his portly senior and said, "I'm just beginning to enjoy it." Regulars galore were stationed along the valley of the North American Amazon. Infantry at Vancouver, Spokane and Cœur d'Alène, cavalry at Boise and Walla Walla, gunners at the big forts along the coast, and the old regiment had come again to the Pacific, and Melville, with silver leaves instead of gold upon his "rectangles," was commanding at the stone fortress in the bay, and Nathan, rejoicing in the proximity of San Francisco, and May and Woodrow, in their first lieutenantcies, all had heard of Langdon's steady progress, and some had even seen him at the summer camps of the state soldiery, and watched his hard, patient, skilful work with the crude but ambitious battalions. There was no question who

should succeed to the colonelcy of the scattered regiment of guardsmen when one administration stepped down and out, and a political pet of the departing governor was induced to resign. For four years he had been but the figurehead, while Langdon was pilot, captain and engineer of the craft, ever coaching, drilling and encouraging, and so, finding it useless to coax his partner out of his fad for military service, Cresswell turned to, as he had a dozen times before, to work for his advancement. He had stumped the state in the interests of the new governor, and demanded as partial payment that the regiment's plea should be honored, and Langdon promoted colonel. "Lots of work and no pay," was his summing up, as he handed the commission to his favorite. "But I suppose you'd rather have that sheepskin than the woollack. If there was a war on you'd be all right, but there isn't a scrap in sight, and it's time and money thrown away."

That was in April, '97, and, just one year later, came the call to arms and the muster into service of the "First Washoes," Eric Langdon, lieutenant-colonel, commanding.

"That fellow has the gift of prophecy," said the judge, to the brigade commander, as together they stood at the Pacific wharf, watching the grave, silent soldier as he supervised the orderly movement of his two battalions aboard ship. "Five years ago he said to me the war would come and when it came he'd go in at the head of a regiment, not the tail of a battery. Here he is! Pity they only called for eight companies from our state. I'd like to see him full colonel."

The general smiled, his kind brown eyes softening as they continued their steady gaze at Langdon. "He deserves it all, judge. There hasn't been a better regimental commander in the whole corps so far. There are men who were his persecutors at Pawnee who would be glad to be in his shoes to-day."

"Where is that fellow Nathan, by the way?" asked the Kentuckian, impulsively.

The general's smile broadened a bit, his eyes twinkling. It was not his wont to speak ill of any man, yet who in the old regiment had not heard how "Sheeny" had striven for a staff position in the volunteers and totally failed. The editorial upbraiders of the administration, because it had frequently to say yes to certain importunities, had no idea how many thousand times the sorely bothered secretary and adjutant general had determinedly said no. In all probability they



would only have been the more roundly abused had it been known. Nathan's "pull" with the Seattle was still there, but the President wouldn't listen to outside pleas for the promotion of regulars when the Department shook its head. Before he could succeed in any of his schemes, Nathan had found himself ordered aboard ships with his battery, now serving afloat as one of four companies of "red-legged infantry," and away they went across the seas when the gold leaves of the majority were almost dangling before his eyes. Senior of his grade in the regiment, "Sheeny" was not even trusted with the command of a battalion, and when not actually prostrated by sea sickness, his waking hours aboard ship 'twixt the Faralones and Honolulu were given over to the writing of urgent letters to friends and kindred and certain state officials, calling on them to see to it that he was appointed to the colonelcy of one of the volunteer regiments being raised on the Pacific coast, for that could be done by a governor whether the War Department liked it or not, and might insure his being ordered back to San Francisco. The list of casualties among the officers of the regulars at San Juan Hill came just in time to put him out of all conceit with the idea of heading a company in an attack on the walls of Manila, still bristling with Spanish Mausers. Everything toward securing that appointment man could do in the few days left him before putting to sea, Nathan had conscientiously done, leaving to his lieutenant the duty of preparing the battery for the voyage and the possible campaign. There was no cable to Honolulu, but there the flotilla had to stop four days for coal, and while there the O. & O. Liner came after them with letters. "All well," wrote Mrs. Nathan's kinsfolk. "We have the governor's positive promise that you shall be made lieutenant-colonel at least, but we've had to buy off Bent to whom it was promised, and to 'touch' a dozen other fellows. We cannot buy off the colonel. Arrange to wait ten days at Honolulu and the commission and orders will reach you." Nathan knew that the corps commander would be along within that time, and that he would never approve his detachment to the command of volunteers. Moreover, every officer and man might be needed for the fight at Manila. To appeal to the battalion commander or to Melville, the general at the head of the expedition, would be equally useless. The game was to appear to be full bent on going with

the command, but to balk it, somehow, at Honolulu. Permission could not well be refused him to go ashore, since so many officers and men were accorded that privilege. He secured charming quarters at the Royal Hawaiian and gave a toothsome dinner to a jovial party of his cronies, but the general, who was bidden, pleaded a previous engagement. The chief surgeon, another officer included in the list, marveled for a moment at the unexpected courtesy, for he had very gruffly scouted Nathan's tentatives at 'Frisco when consulted as to the possibility of his getting a few weeks' sick leave or at least permission to delay, but the general showed his grim Scotch medicine man a paragraph from a letter just received from the commander of the forces, by this time himself on the way from the Golden Gate: "It is understood that Captain Nathan is moving heaven and earth to get a commission in the volunteers who are to remain in camp here. He may endeavor to be left behind on account of suppositious illness at Honolulu, in which case let your chief surgeon examine him. Sawney will stand no nonsense. Capt. Nathan should not be permitted to shirk this expedition."

"He won't be," said the brigade commander, placidly, as he refolded the letter. And when it was found that Nathan was ordering an undue quantity of his luggage ashore, the battalion commander as placidly interposed. A tall, spare, almost Saturnine veteran was the major, a soldier who had shouldered a musket with the very first and best of the state regiments that in '61 were rushed to the defense of Washington, a man with the genius of a general bottled down for a generation under the strap of a lieutenant, a soldier in whose hands "Sheeny" had about as much chance to shirk as he had to fly. The captain's shore leave expired at dawn, and the flotilla was to sail at noon the following day. The captain's dinner went off in style, with much native music and no little champagne, and then in the wee sma' hours, after the guests had been whisked away in Honolulu "flies," the night clerk was summoned to the captain's room and bidden to fetch a doctor in haste, and a local practitioner came and found the officer in well-simulated agony, and prescribed according to his lights—and the captain's liver. He was amazed to receive a visit at breakfast time from a Scotch surgeon-in-chief, and a stocky little adjutant, who demanded sight of and speech with his patient, to the end that Nathan was bidden to arise, quit



his bed and go to the dock and thence to the ship. There was nothing the matter with him, said Major Sawney, a dose of salts would set him to rights, and Nathan's pains and preparations went for naught. He and his luggage were on the ship, and off for Manila before the setting of the sun, but there, there did triumph await him in the shape of dispatches from the states to the effect that he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel Second Columbias, and on acceptance, which he cabled at once, directed to report for duty with his regiment at San Francisco. The battalion went into the muddy trenches and the assault of Manila minus one able-bodied captain, who minded not the dollars it cost him to flit at once to Hong Kong, and thence by an O. & O. liner back to the states. Not until among the last regiments to reach the islands did the Second Columbias appear along in December, and were pushed forward to the eastward suburb in support of the First Brigade, for Insurgent cannon frowned from new-made redoubts and bore full upon the unprotected lines along the Concordia, and thirty thousand swarthy, scowling soldiery surrounded and hemmed in the slender force of invaders. All too late, the Government found its little army of occupation far outnumbered and sternly menaced at Manila, and so rushed the regiments of regulars to the seaboard *au secours*; but long before the foremost could reach the shores of Luzon the blow had fallen, Aguinaldo had dashed his devoted followers upon the sturdy ranks in blue, and regular and volunteer, the two little divisions about the beleagured city were grappling with the overwhelming force of Tagalogs.

And in the dark hour just before the dawn of that radiant and most eventful Sunday of the first week in February a strange thing happened. Away out along the crooked estuary of the Concordia, fronting on the left, the dim, gray stone walls of Santa Ana, and on the right interminable thicket, or well-nigh impassible swamp, the thin line of the First Division stretched from the Pasig at Pandacan Point far across to old Fort San Antonio on the bay—officers and men alike waiting and praying for the word that was to loose them from the leash and let them go in furious rush upon the swarms of dusky foemen, who since three o'clock had been pouring in hot fire from the shelter of their stone and earthen walls, and driving a storm of steel-clad lead upon the unprotected lads in blue. In grim subordination they had obeyed the orders that forbade their turning

a spade of earth for counter entrenchments, lest the natives, who for weeks had been building redoubts and planting cannons, should accuse the American of hostile intent. Loyal to their duty and observant of instructions that were hard to appreciate or understand, they had borne the brunt of the storm and seen some of their best and bravest swept away, but ground their teeth and gripped their Springfields harder, and took heart in the promise passed along the crouching line. "Our time will come, lads. Wait till broad daylight."

And now it was nearly five, and from the shelter of old earthen walls and mounds across the crooked Tripa the Tagal rifles were pouring in heavy fire on the flank and even the rear of the Americans lying south of the bridge. Every company of the great Evergreens was hotly engaged, and the brigade commander galloped to his reserve, halted among the streets of Paco. The mountain guns of the regulars were bellowing from the left of the block-house at the Krupps under the convent walls at Santa Ana. The long rifled breechloaders at Battery Knoll, in rear of the right of the brigade were sending shrapnel splattering into the bamboo thickets where the Insurgent Mausers were spitefully cracking. Everywhere, as the dawn began to streak the skies above the village roofs, the roar of battle stunned the ear, and men hugged the ground as the deadly hail whistled overhead, and the little native horses, the mounts of the staff and field officers, squealed and bit and kicked in nervous wrath at the unseen, hissing, vicious demons of the air that buzzed about their ears or bit or scored their way along haunch and flank. Behind the stone wall, well within the limits of the eastward suburb, a lieutenant-colonel, in natty Khaki uniform, had dismounted and was expostulating with his pony as the general galloped up.

"Put two companies in at once, on the right of the village facing that shack yonder! What's the matter with your horse, colonel?"

"Seems to be scared, sir. I thought he was hit—he behaved so bad," was the faltering answer.

"Then mount my orderly's. He'll stand anything. You take the colonel's, Hanford," said the chief, to the tall lad who rode at his heels. "Lively, now, Nathan, there's not a second to lose! I'll relieve you here with the Washoes."

Under the dim lights of the street lamps,

in the first gray mists of the morning, swinging up the main street in solid sets of fours, came a column of sturdy foot, striding as though burning with eagerness to get into the fight.

"Move your battalion into the side streets, right and left, Colonel Langdon," were the quick orders. "Keep them under shelter till I send for you. Now, then, what's the matter with those Columbias?" he snapped, eager, impatient, intolerant of delay. "Here, bring your men through this lane, captain!" and away went the general's protesting pony and a brace of aides-de-camp, two companies of the Columbias, arms at a trail, scurrying after them afoot. Something delayed their field officer—stirrups too long or too short. He was fiercely tugging at the leather on one side, his orderly bugler on the other. The little steed with which he had experienced such unaccountable difficulties displayed astonishing agility and zeal the moment the boy orderly straddled him, and darted away on the trail of the Columbias without so much as a protest. Drawn up within a little walled enclosure the caissons of the mountain guns stood sheltered from the Mausers whistling overhead from the blazing front. A squad of eager drivers, crouching by the gate, snickered at the sight across the narrow way. "Sheeny's damned particular just where that hole's got to be punched," jeered a grizzled driver, who had served in the old battery.

"Damned particular not to get one in his own hide, you mean," laughed a mate. "Where's his colonel, anyhow?"

"Over at the right. Sheeny only had four companies. Here comes Washoe now." And then at the right front, beyond the village walls, a mad cheer went up to the skies, followed by a crashing volley. The Columbias had burst from the thickets at the edge of the suburbs and made their dash to the banks of the stream. Oh, that they could only cross it and drive the lurking foe with dripping bayonets! But still the stern mandate came from the distant rear: "Defend but don't advance beyond the line." Another instant and another cheer, ringing, hearty, spontaneous, went up among the teams and caissons of the battery, and the commander of the advancing regiment, halting in surprise at the sound of his own name, turned, saw the smiling, swarthy faces under the dim light of the street lamp, and half shaking a gauntleted fist, raised his campaign hat and smiled greeting and appreciation. A moment later, his battalions carefully dis-

posed, one on each side of the highway, under cover of the walls, the colonel turned his active little mount across the way, and "old hands" of Pawnee days and the lieutenant they knew and honored in the batteries faced each other under fire, and Langdon was grasping the brawny fists of men who were humble cannoneers the day they lifted up their voices in parting shout for the "best officer in Battery D." Again came the crash of volleys from the right front, and the shriek of a Krupp shell overhead, and a staff officer came spurting back from the block-house up the highway. "Colonel Nathan here?" he shouted, loud, insistent, imperative. A dozen voices answered, a dozen hands indicated the way. "The general wants you at the foot bridge at once, sir," were the added words, and there was but scant respect in the tone; there was utter scorn of the etiquette of the service that demands of a mounted officer that he alight before addressing a senior afoot. Drowning men grasp at straws. Anything to temporize, Nathan seized eagerly the pretext. "If you intend that remark for me, sir," he said, "you will dismount and convey it with proper respect," but the aide had not even stopped to listen. He was spurting swiftly down the line of the Washoes crouching at the roadside, and there was marked difference in the tone with which he asked for Colonel Langdon. "Here!" rang the prompt answer, as that officer instantly dropped his chat with the gunners and reined out into the road. The red was in the sky, the pallid light of dawn already strong enough to outline forms and figures close at hand, but all men's faces were drawn and wan. There had been long nights of vigil, and later the strain of long hours under fire. Two men of the nearest company, close to the high road, turned over on their backs, one with strange anguish in his boyish face, the other, after a moment's struggle, with staring, sightless eyes. Strong arms raised and bore them to the refuge of an adjoining wall. Low flying Mausers had found their billet in the recumbent line. "First blood for the Filipino," muttered a grizzled major, with an upward glance at Langdon who was herding his men, like a shepherd with his flock, closer within the shelter of the lane. "Aye, but we'll have full satisfaction after sun-up," cried the aide-de-camp, his voice quivering with excitement. "The general is waiting just across the little foot bridge toward the knoll, sir. You can see almost their entire position from there. He

wishes you to join him a moment. I'll guide you."

Along the lane they urged their steeds. A minute's swift trot brought them to the southern outskirts of the village, and the flats of the rice fields, seamed by little ridges of stiffened mud and streaked by winding estuaries lay before them—the banks of the main stream, the Tripa, fringed with jetting fires. A narrow path ran to the edge of the slough that split the brigade in twain and turned back toward the rearward city. Beyond it dimly outlined forms crouched in the open fields behind the firing line of the Columbias. A frail footbridge, thrown up by the engineers, spanned the sluggish tide, and white chips flew from the handrail as the top was grazed by whistling lead. Under a clump of bamboo at the edge of the lane three orderlies were holding a little bunch of horses. The officers, throwing themselves from saddle and bending low, sped swiftly out along the narrow dyke and over the swaying bridge. "Where's Colonel Nathan?" demanded the chief, as he saw only his aide and Langdon. "I told you to find him first."

"I did, sir, and gave the message," was the instant reply.

Up from the knoll where the field guns were thundering, with soldierly salute, came the stalwart colonel of the Columbias. The commander of the Evergreens, silent and attentive, was already there and listening to the rapid instructions of the brigadier. These in swift, terse words were repeated to the other field officers as they reported. There was no mistaking the intensity of their zeal and interest. But still no Nathan appeared. "Never mind," said the chief, pointing to where the Columbias were volleying at the lines across the Tripa. "We'll find him out there with his men, probably," and led the way back across the slough. "Not much we won't," growled the colonel of the Columbias, in satiric aside, to silent Langdon. "If the general knew him as Melville does he'd—know better. Big luck for Nathan he isn't in Melville's brigade!"

"Oh, never you fear but the Old Man'll cinch him," spoke up a staff officer, in eager loyalty to his chief, stumbling on the dyke as he spoke. "After you, colonel. By God! There's Nathan now!"

The light had broadened. The roofs and walls of Santa Ana stood in sharp, black silhouette against the Orient sky. Forms and even faces now could be recognized a dozen rods away, and here at the edge of the Paco

suburb, still sheltered by the walls, stood Nathan, in crouching attitude, peering at them as they came. The general, turning abruptly to the right, had moved away toward the firing line. His aide swiftly followed, and Langdon, returning for his horse, came face to face at the end of the lane with the man who, almost ten years before had driven him from the army. The silver leaf that told of equal grade in the volunteers gleamed on the shoulder of each, but one had worn it since the first of May, the other not until three months later. With the sound of every volley from beyond the Tripa a flight of bullets whistled across the dyke and footbridge and swept the level fields. Erect and composed, Eric Langdon passed from the zone of fire into that of comparative safety, to find the pathway blocked by this pallid man and nervous, fidgeting pony. The lieutenant-colonel of the Columbias turned in sore embarrassment and funk, kicked the ribs of his luckless steed, then awkwardly backed him off the track and stood aside to let his senior by. With utter contempt in his frowning eyes, Langdon looked his former captain in the face, passed him without a word, and then was astonished to hear the well-remembered voice, no longer loud and truculent, yet something almost like defiance or desperation rang in the harsh, tremulous announcement.

"I suppose you know that Melville's killed and we're ordered to fall back!"

#### XIX.

The guns were stilled at Battery Knoll, and the gunners, officers and men, clustered upon every little mound and salient, gazing eagerly out over the smoke-shrouded field before them. Off to the right front, fire spitting still, grim Block House 12 seemed the center of an incipient conflagration. Over at the left front on the Santa Ana road its twin, Number 11, appeared as though afloat in slowly drifting clouds of bluish gray. Across the dyke-ribbed flats of the rice fields that stretched away eastward and toward the Pasig to the left, long lines of cheering soldiery were sweeping to and beyond the gray walls, where the Tagals were still desperately battling to save their batteries. Two battalions of the Columbias, their colonel in their midst, were dashing straight at the Insurgent works along the Guadalupe road. The right wing of the Evergreens, with ringing cheer, had enveloped the native section of the pretty sub-

urban town, and were crashing through bamboo and nipa, fighting their heroic way straight for the Plaza and the river bank beyond, rolling up the yelling bands of brown men, well-nigh panic-stricken at the dash and vigor of the American advance. Across the Concordia at the heels of the brigade commander, the Washoes had carried their colors, all book rules on the subject thrown with the silken folds to the winds of the morning. And then in magnificent, irresistible charge bore down with the bayonet on the redoubts and earthworks toward the river, and, side by side with the Evergreen left and two of the reserve companies of the Columbias, had swept the field like a cyclone, whirling the yelling rebels into the stream, tumbling over guns, gunners and coruching foes until in a mad chorus of exultant cheers they lined up at the bank over which in terror scores of their tormentors of the early hours had plunged in hopes of reaching the opposite shore. Along the parapets, among the bamboo thickets, under the walls of the old gray convent and everywhere across the open field the dead and wounded lay in little pools of brownish red, brave lads in blue, and tumbled heaps of stricken foemen, their loose, light uniforms all stained and soaked with gore. Not until after five long hours of patient endurance had the brigade received the longed-for, prayed-for, word to advance, and the pent-up rage for battle burst like a torrent on an astonished foe swept helplessly before it. Foremost in the magnificent charge of his cheering men, Langdon, sword in hand, had leaped among the guns at the river redoubt, his cheek seamed by the stinging lash of a bullet, his hat brim torn by the desperate lunge of a *bolo*, the last thrust of a cursing little Tagal officer fighting like a rat in a corner, for the bayonet of a lusty sergeant had transfixed him on the spot. Close under the outer works a little sad-eyed squad had gathered about the stricken form of the gallant old major, dying, sword in hand and with almost a smile on his lips as Langdon knelt and raised the grizzled head and stanching the blood that welled from a mortal wound. Victory—brilliant, complete, de-

cisive—had rewarded their determined assault—the warm handclasp, the enthusiastic praise of the brigade commander, his “Gloriously done, Langdon!” bringing cheer after cheer from the exultant battalions, but the heart of the colonel was sore. It was hard to lose such lives as these that were ebbing away there in all the radiance of the morning sunshine. It was sad to part with this trusted and loyal subordinate. It was bitter to think that that other and older friend who had never swerved in sorrow and adversity now lay deaf to the tidings of this most soldierly achievement—that Melville might never know how thorough had been Langdon’s vindication of the faith and trust reposed in him. Silently, sadly the Washoes bore the dying major back to the walls of the old convent within the lines. Reverently they began the gathering up of the dead, and tenderly, these stout-hearted fellows, they strove to minister to the wounded, friend and foe alike, while cowed, scowling, sullen, the luckless prisoners were swept up from the curving shores, from under the floors of native huts, from the ditches and drains along the village walls. Away out to the right front, up the river road toward Guadaloupe, the pursuing Columbias were still volleying at Ricarti’s rear guard—what there was left of it—but Santa Ana, with all its stores of ammunition and supplies, was the prize of the brigade, and the veteran general of division, riding out to survey the scene and congratulate the victors, stopped to shake hands with Langdon, and add his word of praise and compliment and to inquire as to his wound. “Only a pin scratch, general, that wouldn’t hurt at all if I could know there was no truth in the story that General Melville is killed.”

“Oh, I won’t believe it!” said the chief. “Your only authority—and mine—is Colonel Nathan, and Nathan’s only authority is that batch of correspondents he’s been housing for the past week. They had it that you were mortally hit and half your regiment killed. Where is Colonel Nathan, anyhow?”

“I don’t know, sir,” answered Langdon, guardedly. “I haven’t seen him since—day-break.”

(To be continued.)



Act III "The Greatest Thing In the World."

Mrs. Le Moyne, as VIRGINIA BRYANT.

Robert Edeson, as CECIL BRYANT.

## TOPICS OF THE THEATRE

Until recent years grand opera has been a luxury rather than an entertainment. Opera at the Metropolitan in New York had grown to be so completely an instrument of society that it took rank with the Horse Show as a feature for hysteric journalism. The difference has been that opera was a kind of continuous performance, while the Horse Show is a week engagement. You can no more blame the fabulously salaried singers for this than you can have contempt for the splendid horse-flesh that is diverted to a social purpose. To be sure, it has long been an article of belief that the uppermost gallery of the Metropolitan is the coign of vantage of the real lovers of music. That many people, also real lovers

of music, have not been content to hear only a slender repertory of opera in foreign languages repeated over and over again is witnessed in the epochal prosperity of the Castle Square Opera Company. This organization was founded a few years ago in Boston by Henry W. Savage, whose money was made in the real estate business. The beginning was humble because the venture has always been managed on the basis of prudence and sharp sight. The Castle Square Company was next transferred to New York, where it enjoyed two years of profit and spreading reputation in a theatre that had become notorious for failures. Meanwhile corresponding companies had been established under the same title and management

*Kuebler photo.*

Deronda Mayo.

Daughter of the late Frank Mayo.  
In "The Adventures of Francoids."

*Baker photo.*

Brandon Douglas.

In "Why Smith Left Home."

*Rockwood photo.*

Georgia Welles.

Murray Hill Stock Company.

in St. Louis and in Chicago. Greater investments have been laid out each year to secure an increase in the quality of singers, choruses and accessories. The Castle Square companies have sung almost every worthy opera from "La Mascotte" to "Lohengrin." Works so seldom heard as to be virtually new have been put on; and the management has at least in one instance allowed American audiences to judge of the style of the most recent Italian school. The chief advantages of the Castle Square productions are opera in English of the broadest range at a most moderate cost. Next to the classic in paper covers at ten cents this is the highest development of the era of bargain prices. The installation this season of the Castle Square

Company in the Metropolitan Opera House is the climax of a most interesting progress in the history of music in America. With the arrival of the Maurice Grau Grand Opera Company in mid-December the Castle Square Company will leave the Metropolitan to tour the principal cities east of St. Louis.

In England long articles have been pub-

*Fowler photo.*

Clara Bloodgood.

Empire Theatre Company.

*Schloss photo.*

Joseph F. Sheehan.

As ROMEO, Castle Square Opera Company.

lished, longer lectures have been delivered, and "Constant Readers" have written assiduously to prove or to disprove that Shakesperian productions spell ruin. In the United States it would seem that we have subjects more pressing to consider; and our managers have been content to watch London and be discreet rather than valorous. Recent productions of Shakespeare have de-





Lloyd d'Aubigne.

Tenor of the Metropolitan English Grand Opera Co.

has been making extensive preparations for a production of "Henry V." that shall be on all sides worthy of applause and profit. He began to study and dispose the text more than a year ago, although he had long considered the possibilities of the character and of the drama. Eighteen scenes have been painted for this revival; some seven hundred and fifty costumes have been made, not including the quantity of armor required; the cast calls for fifty speaking parts, while as many as two hundred and fifty people will appear on the stage at one time. Besides Richard Mansfield has imported Mlle. Ida Brassy, a talented French actress, so that the greater verisimilitude may be given to the rôle of *Katharine*, daughter of *Charles* and *Isabel*.

served well in the intention, but have disappointed in the fact. Both company and scenery have been frequently inadequate. When money, a choice of actors and a much admired favorite have been at hand, as in the case of Maude Adams in "Romeo and Juliet," success has resulted principally on account of the personal popularity of the star. The approaching production of "Henry V.," by Richard Mansfield, has

therefore all the attraction of the most novel and the most hardy enterprise of the season. Our most distinguished artist in eccentric rôles and our most eccentric actor of distinction encompassed triumph in such a venture as "Cyrano de Bergerac." It is to be questioned whether Maude Adams will have equal good fortune in the parallel undertaking of "L'Aiglon." It is with every good wish of his admirers that Richard Mansfield



Elsa Marny.

Contralto of the Metropolitan English Grand Opera Co.



Zélie de Lussan.

Of the Metropolitan English Grand Opera Co.

The unlooked-for announcement that John Drew is to play *Richard Carvel* in the dramatization of the widely read novel of the same name gives an added interest to this production. Charles Frohman has been quoted as saying that one of his reasons for selecting Mr. Drew was that Mr. Drew is an expert swordsman. Of course the impersonator of Winston Churchill's hero must be able to handle a sword more dexterously



Baker photo.

Richard Mansfield.

He is making a new production of "Henry V." Will appear later in "Don Cesar de Bazan" and "Monsieur Beaucaire."

than most men finger a pen. But it is doubtful whether the champion swordsman of the world, whoever he may be, would make much of a hit as *Richard Carvel*. Charles Frohman's other reasons for this choice were probably the more potent. John Drew is certain of a measure of success in any part he attempts; and to judge by his delightful facility in the wide variety of parts he played in the faraway triumphs of Augustin Daly there is all promise that the *Richard Carvel* of John Drew will be captivating. In recent years his work has been almost wholly in modern polite comedy. He has come to be considered as a model of elegance and taste in manner and dress. Characters of matured manhood have fallen to him with ominous suitability. This is the most dangerous period for the *matinée* idol. Herbert Kelcey's exile to the condition of a provincial star was presaged by an overflow of similar mature rôles. Of course everybody must recognize that the finished comedy talent of John Drew almost touches genius,



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Grace Filkins.

Supporting Otis Skinner in "Prince Otto."



Sarony photo.

Annie Russell.

Who will star in a "A Royal Family."



*Rose photo.*

Ida Conquest.

John Drew's leading lady in "Richard Carvel."



*Pach photo.*

Otis Skinner.

Who will create the leading part in "Prince Otto."



*Morrison photo.*

Ethel Blande.

Leading lady in "That Man."



*Morrison photo.*

Harry Lillford.

In "That Man."



Phoebe Strakosch.

Soprano of the Metropolitan English Grand Opera Co.



Hilda Clark.

Prima Donna with the Bostonians.

and that his fame is not built on the frail foundation of youth and a handsome carriage. It is, nevertheless, inspiring to behold him in the guise of *Richard Carvel*. It rejuvenates him by fifteen years. Besides James K. Hackett, who was originally picked for *Richard Carvel*, has an enduring medium in "The Pride of Jennico."

When a play has been drawn from a widely sold novel the success of the book is almost a guarantee of the success of the play. The familiarity of the public with "David Harum," however, has in a peculiar manner been detrimental to the effectiveness of the play. William H. Crane played the piece to large audiences during last spring, and was puzzled to note that whenever he began to utter a titbit of *David's* homely philosophy the alert spectators would drown his delivery in a flood of laughter. They



Cover Photo.

Margaret Dale.

Of the Empire Theatre Company.

knew exactly what Crane was about to say, they had chuckled over it in the book, and the mere fact that the comedian was going to speak that very funny saying had the same effect as a sudden tickle in the ribs. A comedian finds circumstances rarely so gloomy as when his audience don't take to his witticisms; but to have people laugh unexpectedly is distinctly rattling. It disturbs the nice problem in magnetism in which the competent actor is involved from his first entrance to the final curtain. Few comedians calculate more carefully than William H. Crane, and he has devoted himself to some persistent searching for a means to anticipate this premature laughter. He believes he has found the stop, but is keeping it a secret till the first New York performance of "David Harum."